CE $1.95

AUGUST 1, 1986

O. Tate on
THE U.S. OPEN
—Page 34

NATIONAL REVIEW

What George Shultz Could Learn From Don Corleone

Tom Bethell

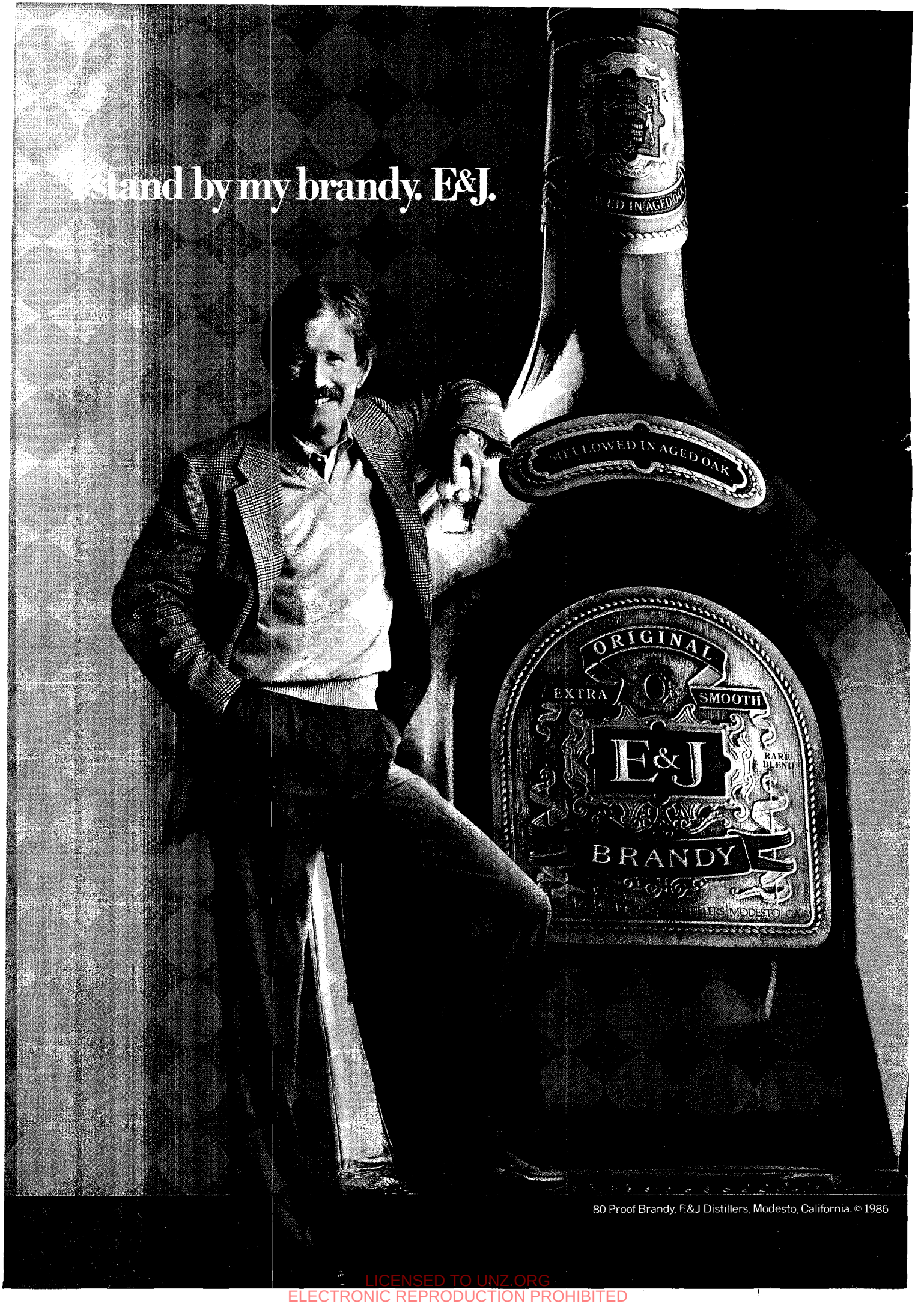
MG07702703 0428614 P 052 G
MR E ROY SMITH
20 BELLE AIR RD
COLORADO SPGS CO 80906

ALSO:

REMEMBERING WHITTAKER CHAMBERS 1901–1961

Ralph de Toledano
Terry Teachout

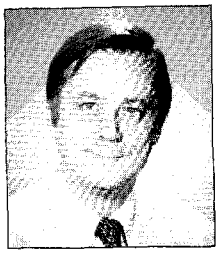
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUGUST 1, 1986
VOL. XXXVIII, NO. 14

NATIONAL REVIEW


BETHELL

REYNOLDS

TOLEDANO

TEACHOUT

THE COVER

22 What George Shultz Could Learn From Don Corleone
The State Department thinks it can neutralize America's enemies through negotiation. But true negotiations, whose proper end is a lawful contract, presuppose mutual consent. All we ever get from the Communists is an offer we can't refuse. *Tom Bethell*

ARTICLES & COLUMNS

18 What's Happening, by George?
In the Presidential Stakes, George Bush has the early speed. But few horses go wire to wire in the run for the Rose Garden.
John McLaughlin

20 South Africa: A Way Out
There is a democratic alternative to one man, one vote, once. It's called federalism.
Brian Crozier

29 Draining Israel's Red $ea
The best minds at the State Department and the International Monetary Fund are working on a modern miracle: turning Israel into a Third World economy. But there are ways to get the milk and honey flowing.
Alan Reynolds

31 Whittaker Chambers Remembered
The Imperatives of the Heart
Whittaker Chambers transformed a trial for treason into a contest for men's souls. To be his friend was the privilege of a lifetime.
Ralph de Toledano

Memoir of a Second-Hand Ghost
Everyone now concedes Hiss's guilt. Ironically, that has made it easier to ignore Chambers's larger message. *Terry Teachout*

33 Marx v. Jesus
Communism has only one dangerous enemy in this world: Christianity.
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

34 The great gathered amidst the shimmering beauty of Shinnecock Hills: The U.S. Open closed down the town, which, since the town was Southampton in summer, was no mean trick. Golf may be a young man's game, but an Old Man walked away with the prize. **J. O. Tate** was there. . . . The problem with Ayn Rand, says **Joseph Sobran**, was that for all she believed in Man she just couldn't stand men. Barbara Branden's splendid new biography, *The Passion of Ayn Rand*, reveals a woman of great insight and profound blindness, a devotee of reason who never came to terms with the facts, an individualist who damned deviation from her doctrines, a genuine eccentric whose rebellion against the intellectual establishment inspired millions and made her one of the most popular novelists in history. . . . **Nika Hazelton** meanders through the countryside of Upstate New York and comes to Cooperstown, where the ghosts of James Fenimore Cooper and Babe Ruth mingle amicably with big houses and nice pictures. . . . **D. Keith Mano** gets a bit of advice from a professional gambler: Don't cut the cards, count them.

4 LETTERS
8 FOR THE RECORD
9 THE WEEK
26 hel[illegible]
42 THE RIGHT BOOKS
46 ON THE RIGHT
50 TRANS-O-GRAM

Cover design by K. Elliott
Cover illustration by Michael Silberman

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1986. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: $34.00 a year (25 issues). Add $11.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*
William A. Rusher *Publisher*
James P. McFadden
Consultant to the Editor

Editors
Priscilla L. Buckley / Jeffrey Hart
Joseph Sobran

Richard Brookhiser *Managing Editor*
Linda Bridges *Executive Editor*
Richard Vigilante *Article Editor*
Chilton Williamson Jr. *Book Editor*
John McLaughlin *Washington Editor*

Associate Publisher
Edward A. Capano

Contributing Editors
Tom Bethell / Brian Crozier
Werner J. Dannhauser / W. H. von Dreele
Nika Hazelton / D. Keith Mano
Richard John Neuhaus / Walter Olson
William F. Rickenbacker / John Simon
Ralph de Toledano
Ernest van den Haag / Timothy J. Wheeler

Associates
Catherine M. Shea
Jane Buckley Smith / Stephen C. Weeks

Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*
Dorothy McCartney *Research Director*
John J. Virtes *Librarian*
Anna Lieber *Art Director*
Ione Whitlock *Production Editor*
Dorothy B. Humanitzki *Copy Editor*
Rose Flynn DeMaio *Treasurer*

Advertising Director
Robert F. Sennott Jr.

Circulation Manager
Sylvia Wolinsky

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / David Brudnoy
Christopher Buckley / James Burnham
John Chamberlain / Mona Charen
Dinesh D'Souza / M. Stanton Evans
Mary Gauerke / George Gilder
Victor Gold / Donald Hall
Malcolm Hancock / Henry Hazlitt
Charles R. Kesler / John Kiley
James Jackson Kilpatrick / Nicholas King
Jan Lukas / Kevin Lynch
Forrest McDonald / Charles Burton Marshall
Thomas Molnar / Gerhart Niemeyer
Michael Novak / Grover Rees III
Joseph A. Rehyansky / Alan Reynolds
Selden Rodman / Francis Russell
Michael A. Scully / Terry Teachout
S. L. Varnado / Charles Wallen Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Robert S. Strother *Cuernavaca*

LETTERS

Lions 3, Christians 0

With his mandatory seat-belt law, his busybody Department of Social Services and its attempts to keep you from spanking your kids, and those damn "moving roadblocks" on the Mass Pike to prevent you from speeding, Michael Dukakis has done more to make life in Massachusetts unbearable than any other governor since John Winthrop ["Can They Dump the Duke?" by Richard Brookhiser, July 18]. Unfortunately, barring a total economic collapse, a tabloid-type scandal involving his dear wife, Kitty, or his hairdryer going on the fritz, don't expect Bay State voters to dump Dukakis overboard for some young Republican. Although Amnesty International has yet to report any human-rights violations, Massachusetts is a brutalitarian one-party state. The Republican Party here resembles those early followers of Saint Paul back in the days when the Colosseum box scores read: Lions 3, Christians 0.

Charles Gates
Boston, Mass.

Tax-Reform Rematch

George Gilder's article about tax reform ["The Great Tax-Reform Debate," June 6] is paradoxical. For such an eloquent defender of capitalism, it is surprising that Gilder thinks that capital costs are not important and that profits are independent of these costs. As long as Gilder maintains that entrepreneurs are not concerned about the cost of capital, he will discourage economists from joining our movement. If we are going to continue to call it supply-side economics, somehow we are going to have to bring economists along.

Gilder falsely dichotomizes supply-siders. My group, he says, believes retaining business preferences is more important than cutting marginal tax rates, and his group believes the opposite. I have always been willing to pay for cuts in tax rates by broadening the tax base, but I am not willing to overpay. Unless you do the detailed work that Gilder disparages, you have no way of knowing whether you are overpaying.

Gilder declares that "the capital-gains tax has been the only rate that can accommodate real innovation and enterprise." Why, then, does he support the Packwood bill, which raises the capital-gains rate by 35 per cent? Having made some calculations, I at least know why I support the Packwood bill.

Paul Craig Roberts
Center for Strategic & International Studies
Georgetown University
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Gilder Replies

Let's restructure this debate before it gets any sillier. I promise to stop falsely dichotomizing Craig (I know he recognizes the importance of marginal rates) if he will stop falsely dichotomizing me (he knows I recognize the importance of the cost of capital). The issue is whether a massive drop in the top rates on personal and corporate income is worth the elimination of the investment tax credit, the increase in the capital-gains tax, the restriction of IRAs, and other such measures. Surprise! We agree that the Senate bill meets the test. We disagree on whether the 25 per cent drop in the top rate proposed by the House compensates for a still less favorable treatment of investment. Because I think near 50 per cent rates are a devastating attack on property rights and entrepreneurial incentives, I am willing to accept even the House bill. That's where we disagree.

The capital-gains issue perhaps will illuminate the difference still further. With top rates on personal and corporate incomes near 50 per cent, a low capital-gains rate was indispensable. But just as the investment tax credit distorted investment decisions by concentrating attention on the purchase rather than the operation of equipment, so the huge differential between the income-tax rate and the capital-gains rate distorted the venture environment by focusing entrepreneurs less on the long-term prospects of their companies than on the jackpot payoff of going public. Therefore, particularly if long-term gains are indexed for inflation, I prefer a lower flat rate to a special differential.

He Only Skimmed?

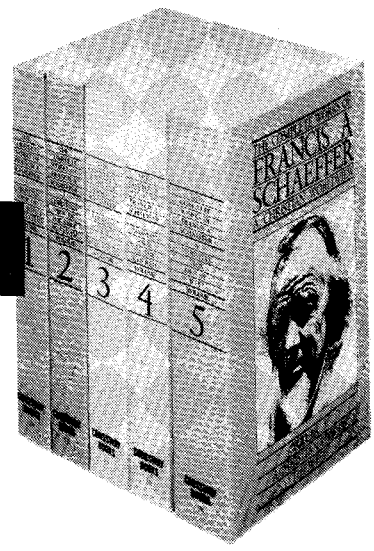
I often get negative reviews, and I learn from them. So do readers. But no one learns anything useful or uplifting from a review by a reviewer who has not read the book under discussion.

D. Keith Mano ["Infant Formula," April 25] did no more than lightly skim my book *Her Only Sin* and then use

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The most influential conservative Protestant writer of our era — now collected in this monumental set

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF FRANCIS A. SCHAEFFER



Save $40! Yours for only $9.95

NOT a reprint — all 22 volumes revised and updated

Who is the most important Evangelical writer of our time? If a poll could be taken among Evangelicals the world over, the name of Francis A. Schaeffer would probably lead all the rest. By far.

The liberals pretend that a few TV preachers are causing the resurgence of conservative Protestantism. But it goes far, far deeper, and much of the credit belongs to Francis Schaeffer. He is bringing thoughtful conservative Protestants 1) back to their roots and 2) right smack into the mainstream.

How to formulate a world view that is both Christian and conservative

Schaeffer ranges from epistemology to spirituality to the arts

VOLUME 1: *A Christian View of Philosophy and Culture*

How Christianity relates to philosophy...to culture. Roots of the "God is dead" mentality. How to make the Christian faith live and flourish under modern conditions. Includes these four books, complete and updated:

The God Who Is There ★ Escape from Reason ★ He Is There and He Is Not Silent ★ Back to Freedom and Dignity

VOLUME 2: *A Christian View of the Bible as Truth*

Is the Bible true? How and why it is truth. When does the Bible touch on science? How to integrate Genesis with theological and scientific thought. How Bible truth should relate to Bible study — and to the Christian world view. Includes these five books, complete and updated:

Genesis in Space and Time ★ No Final Conflict ★ Joshua and the Flow of Biblical History ★ Basic Bible Studies ★ Art and the Bible

VOLUME 3: *A Christian View of Spirituality*

How to relate biblical reality to the nitty-gritty of everyday life. Includes these four books, complete and updated:

No Little People ★ True Spirituality ★ The New Super-Spirituality ★ Two Contents, Two Realities

VOLUME 4: *A Christian View of the Church*

Why Western culture is dying. Is the church dying too? How the church can survive and grow in our time. Ways of giving Christian witness today, in deed and word. How the church can cope with ecological problems and population growth. Includes these five books, complete and updated:

The Church at the End of the Twentieth Century ★ The Church before the Watching World ★ The Mark of the Christian ★ Death in the City ★ The Great Evangelical Disaster

VOLUME 5: *A Christian View of the West*

The rise of Western culture — and the seeds of decay. What Christians must do. Coming: the death of freedom and the rise of an authoritarian elite? Abortion, euthanasia, pollution: Christian responses. Includes these four books, complete and updated:

Pollution and the Death of Man ★ How Should We Then Live? ★ Whatever Happened to the Human Race? ★ A Christian Manifesto

How to get this $49.95 set for ONLY $9.95

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin, which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates. Books on current issues, religion, economics, Communism, politics, etc. — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books will be offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 4 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-95% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

15 OAKLAND AVENUE • HARRISON, N.Y. 10528

I enclose $9.95. Please accept my membership in the Club and send me, at no additional cost, the 5-volume $49.95 quality paperback set of THE COMPLETE WORKS OF FRANCIS A. SCHAEFFER. I agree to buy 4 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 2 years. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

NR-101

Name _____

Address _____

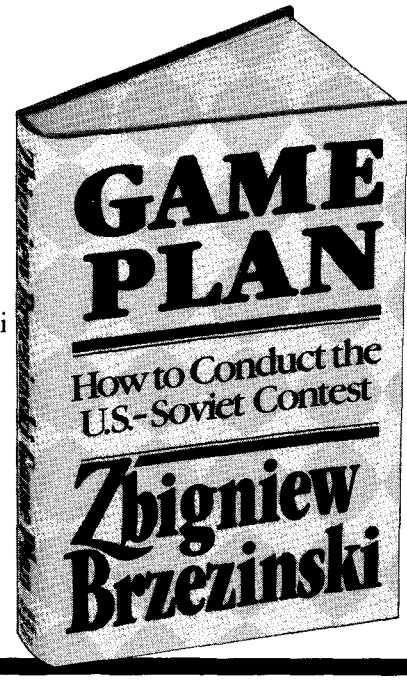
City _____ *State* _____ *Zip* ____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brzezinski's game plan for peacefully prevailing in the protracted U.S.-Soviet contest.

"*Game Plan* is a hard-headed analysis of the forces moving the real world by a foremost expert on East-West affairs and is **must reading for anyone who wants to understand American-Soviet relations."**
—RICHARD M. NIXON

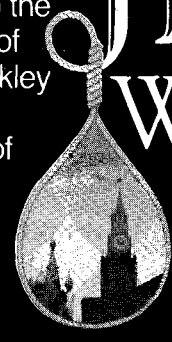
"In a provocative book Dr. Brzezinski has used his years of unique academic, political and diplomatic experience to bring the reader **a valuable new insight into the most important international relationship of our time."** **—JIMMY CARTER**



$18.95, illustrated with 20 maps
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
Distributed by Little, Brown and Company

For Khrushchev, Eisenhower, and Oakes, the stakes have never been higher.

And this time, the deadly game involves even Queen Caroline and Buckingham Palace. From a covert camp for killers to a KGB trysting nest in Stockholm to the tightly closed doors of the Kremlin, Bill Buckley unwinds a chilling, heart-stopping tale of high adventure... high treason... HIGH JINX.



HIGH JINX
William F. Buckley, Jr.
A novel with Blackford Oakes

DOUBLEDAY
A MAIN SELECTION OF THE LITERARY GUILD • At bookstores everywhere

his space to attack me personally (for reasons I cannot guess) in an extremely explicit and detailed way.

1. There is no mention at all in my book of physical strength being fascist. I have no idea where Mano's contrary assertion comes from.

2. There is no reference to Hollywood being stupid (again, Mano to the contrary), and in fact much of the book is about why seemingly stupid Hollywood decisions are not stupid at all.

3. Mano claims that I never explain what the heroine's only sin was. In fact, I devote the final three pages of the novel to a minute explanation of what her only sin was (believing that dreams were superior to fact, which is also what makes her an American, as I said).

4. Mano says that in my Hollywood, people do not abuse drugs. There is an entire chapter about drug abuse in my book.

5. Mano says I mention "Sly" Stallone and "Len" Garment throughout the book. I'd like to see him prove it, or anything remotely close to it.

6. Mano uses about one-third of his book review to mock me for saying that non-rich people are not worth writing about. I have never said this, do not believe it, and in fact many of the characters in the book are not at all rich.

Benjamin J. Stein
Los Angeles, Calif.

How Reich You Are

In his column "Austria's American Elections" [July 4], Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn seems to be confusing contradiction with contrariety when he writes that President Rudolf Kirchschläger "absolved Kurt Waldheim of all guilt." Assuming the citations in the *New York Times* were accurate, what President Kirchschläger said was that, on the basis of his juridical experience, he did not think enough evidence had been adduced to secure a conviction or a viable indictment against Waldheim. There is, however, an enormous difference between proving guilt, or even coming up with a *prima facie* case, and asserting that there is proof of innocence. Clearly Waldheim was an active participant in a heinous conspiracy, and his early silence as well as his recent pronouncements admit as much. It may well be that his conduct did not reach a level of complicity that the constituted authorities, or even the self-appointed Nazi hunters, would deem base enough to justify a prosecution, but he was surely involved in nefarious business.

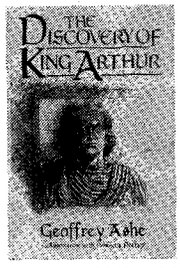
Ronald Reis
New York, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

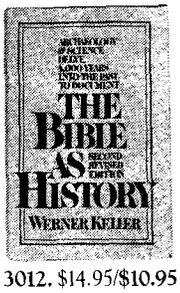
Three times more history. We guarantee it.

Take 3 from a larger history selection than you'll find in most consumer clubs for the dramatically low price of $1.00 each. with Trial Membership (Values up to $96.90)

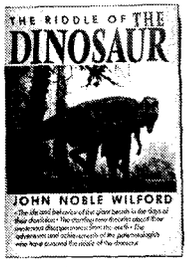
(First price is publishers' list. Boldface is Members' Price.)



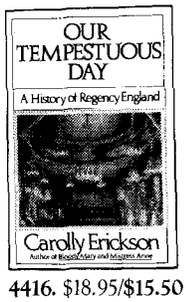
1339. $18.95/**$14.95**



3012. $14.95/**$10.95**



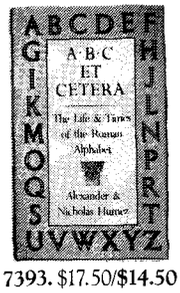
4390.$22.95/**$16.50**



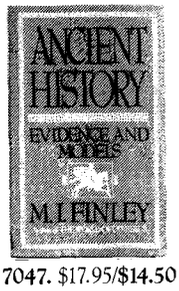
4416. $18.95/**$15.50**

4978.$22.50/**$16.50**

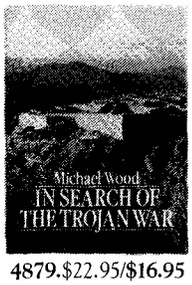
5629. $15.95/**$12.95**



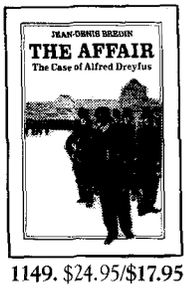
7393. $17.50/**$14.50**



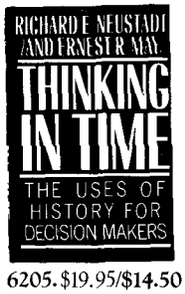
7047. $17.95/**$14.50**



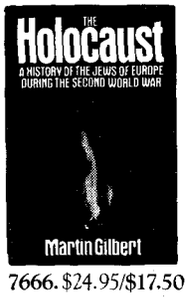
4879.$22.95/**$16.95**



1149. $24.95/**$17.95**



6205. $19.95/**$14.50**



7666. $24.95/**$17.50**

No general interest book club offers more great history books at more substantial savings. If you love history, you'll love the quality, savings and selection you enjoy as a member of the History Book Club.

Save up to $96.90 with Trial Membership. Select four books on this page. Take the first three for just $1.00 each when you pay the low Members' Price on your fourth selection. (Total retail value of up to $96.90).

Save an average of 30% with low Members' prices. As a Club Member, you'll enjoy significant savings over retail on each selection you make from the 150-200 volumes featured in our monthly Review (some examples are shown in this ad). You need take only four more books over the next two years. After that, you'll save even more—up to 60%, in fact—on History Book Club Bonus Books.

2535. **MAYA: The Riddle And Rediscovery Of A Lost Civilization,** *by Charles Gallenkamp.* Incorporates a century of research. $22.95/**$16.95**

8474. **The History of Ancient Israel,** *by Michael Grant.* Based on the Hebrew Bible and modern archaeological sources. $19.95/**$14.50**

1453. **The Perspective Of The World: 15th-18th Century (Civilization and Capitalism, Vol. III),** *by Fernand Braudel.* $35.00/**$18.50**

1859. **The Celts: The People Who Came Out Of The Darkness,** *by Gerhard Herm.* An epic study of 2,000 years. $15.00/**$10.50**

8649. **World Religions: From Ancient History To The Present,** *ed. by Geoffrey Parrinder.* Over 320 illustrations. $29.95/**$16.95**

8284. **The Devil's Horsemen: The Mongol Invasion Of Europe,** *by James Chambers.* The story of the Golden Horde. $11.95/**$8.95**

4911. **The Structures Of Everyday Life: The Limits Of The Possible, 15th-18th Century (Civilization And Capitalism, Vol. I),** *by Fernand Braudel.* $31.95/**$15.50**

8490. **The Indian Frontier Of The American West, 1846-1890,** *by Robert M. Utley.* The final half-century of conflict. $19.95/**$13.95**

5652. **The Twelve Caesars,** *by Michael Grant.* A timely look at the power, successes and failures of the Caesars. $15.95/**$10.95**

3996. **Jesus Through The Centuries: His Place In The History Of Culture,** *by Jaroslav Pelikan.* A work of mastery. $22.50/**$16.50**

3897. **Move Your Shadow: South Africa, Black & White,** *by Joseph Lelyveld.* Reports on this troubled land and apartheid. $18.95/**$14.50**

1743. **Russia And The Golden Horde: The Mongol Impact on Medieval Russia History,** *by Charles J. Halperin.* $22.50/**$15.50**

1172. **A History Of The Vikings: Revised Edition,** *by Gwyn Jones.* The definitive account of the Viking Age and World. $25.00/**$16.50**

3103. **The Zimmermann Telegram,** *by Barbara W. Tuchman.* A classic work of World War I history. "A *true, lucid thriller.*"—The New York Times $14.95/**$12.95**

4630. **Why The South Lost The Civil War,** *by Richard Beringer, Herman Hattaway, Archer Jones & William Still, Jr.* How the erosion of Confederate nationalism led to defeat. $29.95/**$18.00**

5264. **Novus Ordo Seclorum: The Intellectual Origins Of The Constitution,** *by Forrest McDonald.* The first major interpretation of the framing of the Constitution in more than two decades. $25.00/**$17.00**

4648. **Hitler's Mistakes,** *by Ronald Lewin.* The shortcomings of the Fuehrer—his persistent errors in judgment and his unnecessary actions. $14.95/**$12.50**

4432. **"And I Was There": Pearl Harbor And Midway—Breaking The Secrets,** *by Rear Adm. Edwin Layton, & Pineau & Costello.* $19.95/**$15.50**

How the Club Works: About every 4 weeks, (14 times per year), you'll receive a new issue of *The History Book Club Review* and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing—the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. (Book shipments will be charged to your account at low Members' Prices, plus postage and packing).

If you receive an unwanted book because you had less than 10 days to decide, simply return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.

Join the History Book Club today—and save! NST86A

The History Book Club

YES, HBC. Please activate my Trial Membership and send me the four books whose numbers I have entered below. Bill the first three at $1.00 each and the fourth at the low Members' Price plus postage and packing.

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

I may return these books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or, I will buy four more books over the next two years, not including my choices above. Either the Club or I may cancel my membership any time thereafter. All Club purchases are at low Members' Prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments.

Print Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

NZ28SP

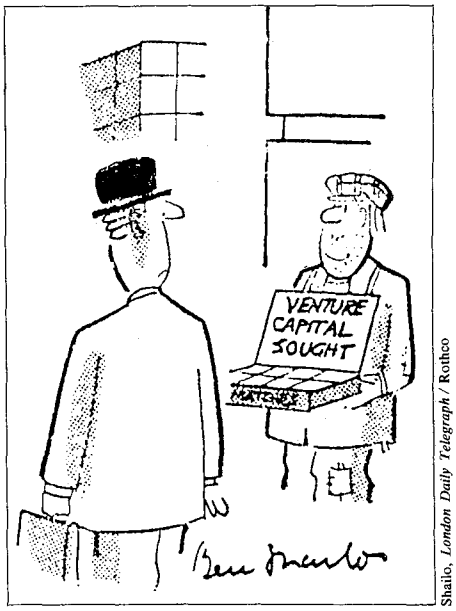
U.S. and Canada mail to: the History Book Club, Dept. N, 40 Guernsey Street, Box 790, Stamford, CT 06904-0790

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

Ronald Reagan went back on the offensive as Senate-House conferees prepared to meet on tax reform. White House chief of staff **Donald Regan** outlined what the President is prepared to accept: small changes in treatment of IRAs, capital gains, state sales taxes, provided that 27 per cent top rate remains. That's the factor—a chop of nearly one-half in the top rate—that has caught the public imagination. . . . Other fierce battles remain. Left-radical unions recently joined ranks against Space Shield. **William Winpisinger** of Machinists said SDI is a "boondoggle of the highest order," as he and other union leaders issued anti-SDI manifesto. Among them: Clothing and Textile Workers Union; State, County, and Municipal Employees; Longshoremen's & Warehousemen's Union; NEA; Electrical Workers; Newspaper Guild. . . . Attacks on judicial appointments also abound, with lowest blow struck by far-left **William Kunstler** in radical *Guardian*. "[**William**] **Rehnquist**'s rise might be labeled '**Nixon**'s revenge,'" he writes. "There are many who still wonder how he escaped unscathed from the Watergate scandal." (Rehnquist was Assistant Attorney General at the time.) . . . Sen. **William Proxmire**, often an Administration critic, hit a high note: Rehnquist is "a conservative, which is all right. What the hell, everybody's got to be something. But he's extremely well qualified and very bright intellectually." . . . Meanwhile Reagan continues to ride high in the polls. Late June figures give him approval rate of 64 per cent (NBC/*WSJ*) to 68 per cent (**Gallup**).

By July 4, with half the primaries over, the Democrats were talking bullish about senatorial prospects in November. But no one is expecting big sweep either way. **Kevin Phillips** believes next Senate will be split 51 to 49, or 52 to 48. And he won't say which way. . . . In North Carolina,



Shailo, *London Daily Telegraph*/Rothco

Republican Congressman **James Broyhill** got major boost when Gov. **Jim Martin** appointed him to fill out last months of **John East**'s term. That race, against former Gov. **Terry Sanford**, is close. . . . Presence of big guns **Robert Dole** and **John Heinz** (Heinz heads the Senatorial Campaign Committee) in Illinois in last fortnight to campaign for **Judy Koehler** indicates GOP pols think she has a chance of upsetting Democrat **Alan Dixon**. Dixon heads a ticket with two **LaRoucheites** since **Adlai III** pulled out. . . . First post-primary California polls show incumbent Sen. **Alan Cranston** only four points ahead of Republican Rep. **Ed Zschau**. Hot issue: On South Africa, Zschau supports gradual reform while Cranston spokesman **Kam Kuwata** says Cranston believes "negotiating with [Pretoria] is analogous to negotiating with **Hitler**." . . . Negatives: In Alabama, polls show Democrat **Richard Shelby** just four points back of Sen. **Jeremiah Denton**; in Idaho, Democratic Gov. **John Evans** is ahead of Republican Sen. **Steve Symms**; and Democrat **Kent Conrad** is closing on Sen. **Mark Andrews**, a GOP conservative gone moderate, in North Dakota. In Wisconsin, labor-backed **Ed Garvey** is 14 points behind Republican Sen. **Bob Kasten**.

Items, Right & Left: Conservative circles in Washington stunned, but not altogether surprised, by departure of **William J. Baroody Jr.** from American Enterprise Institute, which his father founded. (See also "Letter from Washington.") . . . **Neal Freeman**'s Blackwell Corporation has been given prestigious **George Foster Peabody** Award (TV's **Pulitzer** Prize) for *Crisis in Central America*, co-produced with WGBH/Boston. . . . Education Secretary **William Bennett**, the only Democrat in the Cabinet, re-registered as a Republican a fortnight back. . . . And the **Rockford Institute** will celebrate its tenth birthday September 18, in Rockford, with dinner honoring **John Howard**. . . . On the Left, **Norman Lear**'s People for the American Way is pouring a quarter-million dollars into campaign to nuke Reagan's judicial appointments, starting with **Dan Manion**. . . . Great Timing: **Ed (Lou Grant) Asner** announced he was visiting Nicaragua to "see the truth" ("When the news you read is not complete, it is necessary to come and seek the rest, to see the truth"), just one week before the Sandinistas closed down *La Prensa*, Nicaragua's only independent newspaper. . . . *El Nuevo Diario*, member in good standing with Sandinista regime, talks this-a-way: Criticism by Pope **John Paul II** and the U.S. bishops of the expulsion of Bishop **Pablo Antonio Vega** "is the howling of hypocrites and perverts." . . . In Washington **Josh Williams**, president of the Metro Washington AFL-CIO, fawned all over visiting Soviet "union" leader **Nikolai Zlobin**, told him: "Every piece of work performed in Russia is performed by organized labor. We cannot say that in the United States." . . . Meanwhile, back in Moscow, *Pravda* criticized **Miss Liberty**'s birthday party. In the U.S., it sniffed, the only freedom is "the liberty to sell and be sold."

Helen Caldicott, pacifist, wishes Chernobyl had happened here, according to *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. "I hate to say that as a physician, but unless there are thousands of American martyrs, nothing will be done."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

☐ Now *that's* the way to celebrate the Fourth.

☐ Governor Mario Cuomo has told the *New York Post* that he will "take on the entire Democratic Party," if necessary, to secure the confirmation of Antonin Scalia as a Supreme Court Justice. "Forget the fact that he's Italian," says Cuomo. "It's that he is an excellent judge. . . . [He] understands the constitutional process." But a few days ago, Cuomo was quoted as saying it was about time an Italian-American was appointed to the Court. What the hell. If it takes an Italian to show Cuomo the error of his ways, that's an argument for appointing more Italians. Nobody else seems able to get through to him.

☐ Remember that wild congressional race in the 8th District of Indiana? Where the contest was so close that the election got turned over to the Democrat-controlled House of Representatives itself, which selected a Democrat-controlled committee, which voted on straight Democratic lines to throw out a local- and state-certified Republican victory, voiding Republican votes until the Democrat had "won" by four votes? Guess what. It ain't over. Back home in Indiana, eight persons have been indicted for conspiracy and vote fraud, for paying an alleged $15 to $35 per vote for the Democrats. According to the indictments, at least ten votes were so purchased: enough to overturn the already tainted result. Regardless of affiliation, anybody can see that this one reeks. The so-called winner, Frank McCloskey, blameless though he may personally be, ought to be removed and his "victory" expunged from the record. He was elected not by the people of Indiana but by some sharpies on Capitol Hill and their Hoosier confederates.

☐ The President acts as though he hasn't been told that his Strategic Defense Initiative, "Star Wars," is in serious trouble. The President requested funding of $4.8 billion. At the $4.1-billion level, some aspects of the program would have to be sacrificed in order to move ahead with the required software and the new departures in integrated circuits. Below $4.1 billion, you cut into vital parts of the program. The Senate has voted $3.6 billion, the House $3.4 billion, effectively delaying the program until well into the next century. SDI is the sole reason the Soviets have been making tractable sounds lately. The Soviets, however, know the facts about the funding levels, and if we effectively cripple the program, our leverage will disappear.

☐ The National Bureau of Economic Research, whatever that is, states that raising taxes on beer (a hanging offense) would save more lives on the highway than raising the drinking age in the several states. (To what? Seventy?) You can also reduce traffic deaths by reducing the speed limit to zero, which doesn't make it a good idea. Sooner or later we're going to learn the lessons of Prohibition. Don't bet on sooner.

☐ Ramsey Clark is at it again. Eleven years after praising the Hanoi Hilton as a model prison, with "rooms better and bigger than the rooms in essentially every prison I have ever visited anywhere," seven years after hailing Khomeini's revolution as "a miracle," Clark was in Libya last week, apologizing to Colonel Qaddafi for Ronald Reagan's "act of tyrannical aggression against humanity."

☐ Mikhail Gorbachev joined Wojciech Jaruzelski at the Polish Communist Party Congress, and there was bonhomie all round. Stain Head praised Shades for using "Poland's own resources" to quell Solidarity (meaning: *thanks for saving us the trouble; if you hadn't, we would have had to do it ourselves*). He also said that the socialist system "manifests itself as an alliance of countries closely linked. . . . To try to undermine it from outside and wrench a country away

Hail and Farewell

The time has come to drop a tear
For Tip O'Neill, who has no peer
Promoting any act or bill
That loosens up the public till.
So let us say a sad "Amen";
His like won't pass this way again,
Nor will we scare the pants off those
Who, when he reached the rostrum, froze.

W. H. von Dreele

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE DISMISSAL of John A. Ferch from his post as U.S. Ambassador to Honduras has caused some eyebrows to rise. Does the ouster mean U.S.-Honduran relations are souring?

Relations between the two countries were already somewhat ticklish, in that President José Azcona favors amicable relations with his eight-hundred-pound-gorilla neighbor, Nicaragua. Hence, Azcona has understandably wanted to mute the Contra presence in his nation. Meanwhile, the United States has made no secret of the fact that major Contra bases are located in Honduras, and that aid to the democratic resistance is administered largely through that nation. So, Azcona was in a precarious position, rendered more so by the on-again, off-again Contra aid.

But now that the United States is (more or less) solidly committed to Contra aid, Azcona's position is also more solid. "It's wild country up there where the Contras are," says a key White House source, paraphrasing Azcona's current response to the query of whether Contras operate in Honduras. "The Honduran government isn't about to bust its butt to keep Nicaraguans from fighting the Nicaraguan government."

So what led to Ferch's firing? "Lack of political acuity and management skills," says a senior White House source. "Ferch is a competent career officer, and he performed ably in Havana, but Tegucigalpa needs heavy management expertise, especially with the CIA back in the act and $100 million in aid." In addition, Ferch did not leave a strong impression on George Bush when the Vice President attended Azcona's inauguration last January.

Some Capitol Hill conservatives attacked Ferch earlier this year for insufficient enthusiasm in upholding the Reagan Doctrine. When the Sandinistas invaded Honduras in March, they say, Ferch was silent. But—as reported earlier by CATO—the charge was a bum rap. Ferch was ill at the time. He instructed his deputy to persuade the Hondurans to publicize the event on the eve of a Contra vote, which is what ultimately happened.

In sum, *l'affaire Ferch* has no real meaning as far as U.S.-Honduran relations go. Watch for William Walker, currently Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, to succeed Ferch.

William Baroody Jr. has bowed to boardroom pressure and resigned as president of the American Enterprise Institute. AEI was founded by William Baroody Sr. in 1943, and grew to be a highly respected Washington think-tank under both father and son. Baroody Jr. had already assumed the job of president before his father's death in July 1980.

Since then, AEI has been beset with a series of managerial crises. "It was spinning out of control," says an AEI insider. "It was generally agreed that the institute couldn't recover its luster with Baroody in the saddle. Some guys just aren't good managers, and unfortunately Bill fell into that category." The critical problem was fundraising. Some say that AEI lost conservative money by veering to the political center. "With one exception, that just wasn't the case," said an AEI fellow. True, some conservative backers did criticize AEI's foreign-policy shop, calling it dovish and pro-Arab. But what turned off the green spigot was Baroody's failure to give "essential personal attention to contributors," said a colleague. "In too many instances, the only time you could get hold of Baroody was when he wanted money."

Baroody's deficiencies also showed up in financial planning. "AEI became high-overhead country with six-figure incomes for star-studded headliners [like Jerry Ford], and a fancy dining room for entertaining," noted a staffer. AEI cut its annual budget from almost $14 million to $10 million, but it still had to grapple with a $5-million debt. Some observers fault both Baroodys for failing to establish a long-term endowment, like Brookings's $60-million purse. "While they were going through tens of millions of dollars," a critic charges, "they should have been setting up a permanent financial base for the institution."

Paul McCracken, acting interim president, and the able Willard Butcher (who accepted the position as chairman on condition that Baroody exit), will try to install a no-nonsense, belt-tightening management plan. But most AEI watchers here calculate the odds of survival at no better than fifty-fifty.

—CATO

. . . means to encroach not only on the will of the people, but also on the entire postwar arrangement and, in the last analysis, on peace" (*we'll deal with any future stirrings in the same way*). The delegates applauded (*smile when you do that*).

☐ José Guadalupe Zuno, brother-in-law of ex-President of Mexico Luis Echeverría, was arrested recently when he landed on a ranch in Coahuila with a planeload of contraband: VCRs, TVs, etc. Simultaneously, a strike force of soldiers and police seized an enormous cocaine processing plant on a ranch adjoining the one where Zuno landed. This was reported in the daily paper *El Universal*, but thereafter complete silence until, a fortnight later, the weekly *Impacto* (still appearing despite powerful government efforts to shut it down) reported that the judge, having received no instructions in the allotted time from the federal attorney general, turned Zuno loose—to nobody's surprise; Zuno is an *influyente*. The U.S. Government needn't be too quick to apologize to Mexico for Administration officials' remarks about our neighbors' involvement in the drug trade.

☐ The Soviet Writers' Union has voted to found a museum in honor of Boris Pasternak, whom it condemned to die in disgrace in 1960. Now in its umpty-oompth repeat on TV in the movie version, *Dr. Zhivago* still cannot be read in the Soviet Union.

☐ You just can't keep a good man downsky. Vyacheslav Molotov, booted out of the Communist Party

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everybody's Different

Dearest Miss Liberty, though it's been fun
Cheering you on toward a hundred-and-one,
I must confess, as I huddled inside
Watching the wretched disport and collide,
I like my masses on some teeming shore,
Far from the party I'm planning, for four.

W. H. VON DREELE

thirty years ago after losing out to Nikita Khrushchev, has resurfaced. Although his rehabilitation came after the fiftieth anniversary of the Ukraine famine, the 96-year-old Molotov is just in time to commemorate the show trials, and maybe he can stick around another couple of years for the Golden Jubilee of his signing of the Hitler-Stalin nonaggression pact.

☐ A few weeks shy of celebrating their seventh year in power, the Sandinistas have heightened their campaign to strangle the life out of all internal opposition to their regime. The excuse, of course, was the U.S. House vote. Claiming that "the United States has declared war on us" (not, by the way, entirely inaccurate, glad to say), the government shut down *La Prensa* indefinitely, thus finally achieving a full monopoly on printed news (as it had already on television). Two days later the Sandinistas barred Monsignor Bismarck Carballo (the Church's spokesman, and Director of Catholic Radio) from re-entering the country, following this up on July 4 by expelling Bishop Pablo Antonio Vega. Pope John Paul II, speaking in Medellín, Colombia, denounced this "almost incredible act" and termed it "profoundly disturbing"; the courageously unyielding Miguel Cardinal Obando y Bravo warned the faithful not to be "manipulated" by Sandinista propaganda. With no news outlet to support the handful of splintered opposition parties, only the Church remains to thwart totalitarianization.

☐ François Mitterrand today is a "socialist" only in a manner of speaking. At the Statue of Liberty ceremonies, Mitterrand and President Reagan agreed "on all major facets of relations with the Soviet Union." *Nota bene*: President Reagan told the civilized Frenchman that SDI is "not negotiable, not a bargaining chip." Mitterrand listened.

☐ Jimmy Carter was in Zimbabwe on the Fourth of July, and the Youth Minister, David Kariamazari, marked the occasion by delivering a mocking diatribe against U.S. policy toward South Africa. Everybody laughed except Carter, his family, and a few white diplomats, all of whom walked out in protest. Later Carter said it was the occasion rather than the substance of the speech he found offensive. And in fact Kariamazari didn't say much the former President himself hadn't already said. Still, it's nice to find Carter boycotting a Carter speech.

☐ Not everyone at Brown University is involved with anti-apartheid hunger strikes, anti-SDI bake sales, cyanide capsules, or prostitution rings. A few students have started *The Brown Spectator*, a campus alternative to the pinkish *Brown Daily Herald*. Contact *The Brown Spectator*, Student Activities Office, Box 1930, Brown University, Providence, R.I. 02912.

☐ Mr. Ted Bundy, convicted murderer and accused "serial" killer of some thirty women in addition to those he was found guilty of murdering, has won a stay of execution. A party in Aspen at the High Altitude Paradise Nightclub went on as scheduled, nevertheless, billed as, "Goodbye, Ted, Glad to See You Go." Well, we can always use another party.

☐ This week's odd couple is Mr. Ted Turner and the Soviet Union, who are jointly sponsoring an athletic competition called the Goodwill Games, for profit. One of the partners, seeking a little extra profit, propagandistic, says the Reagan Administration is trying to sabotage the games by suggesting the athletes take along their own food instead of eating Chernobyl. Meanwhile Turner, last seen on a hunting trip with Fidel Castro, says the games' purpose is to let "the people of the world get to know each other better."

☐ The judge has a tough one in the drunk-driving case of Mr. William Bowen of Louisville, who was nabbed for drunk driving and who was, in fact, drunker than a skunk. But he wasn't driving. Mr. Bowen is blind, so he had his dog drive. The dog definitely was not drunk, forestalling a constitutional crisis of fearsome proportions.

☐ Alexander Haig has tossed his hat one knows not where with this noncommittal commitment, "I do believe the field is wide open but I think it's premature now for such posturing in a definitive way," which leaves nondefinitive posturing, if anybody's interested.

Cheese, Incorporated

IN THE LAND of Utopia, Congress would exercise spending restraint and we would pay our way. Unfortunately, Congress is based not in Utopia but in the District of Columbia, where it buys millions of pounds of surplus cheese and finances teenage pregnancies.

The Supreme Court, in an entirely academic decision, has now declared Gramm-Rudman-Hollings unconstitutional on the grounds of the separation of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

powers. G-R-H designated the comptroller general as the person who would implement the automatic budget cuts. Horrors! The fellow is under the appointive control of Congress. Speaking for the Court's majority, Chief Justice Warren Burger said: "To permit an officer controlled by Congress to execute the laws would be, in essence, to permit a congressional veto."

Zzzzzzzz. The law can be fine-tuned, making it constitutionally permissible. Congress is bankrupt, but we aren't. What we need is a take-it-or-leave-it formulation on the basis of which citizens can vote for or against congressmen who abide by the spirit of Gramm-Rudman.

Far from 1984

IF FEDERALISM means anything, it means the right of states to make unjust laws.

Or, to put a finer point on it, states have the right to make laws that other states may regard as unjust, provided such laws aren't in violation of the U.S. Constitution. The Constitution doesn't, and can't, forbid bad or unwise laws as such. And in upholding Georgia's sodomy statute, the Supreme Court found only that the law, whatever its merits, didn't violate the specific terms of the Constitution—and rightly so, since to rule otherwise would have meant that until recently all fifty states had been acting unconstitutionally. (The Court did say that once, in *Roe* v. *Wade* —not exactly the model of a wise ruling.)

Nevertheless, the ruling provoked the usual spate of hysteria about "homophobia" and "Big Brother in the bedroom." Whatever one thinks of the prudence of anti-sodomy laws, they have nothing to do with the modern totalitarian surveillance that was Orwell's theme, dating back as they do to Moses. In fact they express the sort of ancient norms that are the chief bulwark against the raw, fluid power of the contemporary state.

Gerrymandering By the Court?

THE 1980 CENSUS was a bonanza for California's congressional delegation, which the Democrats who control the state legislature contrived to turn into a bonanza for themselves. Ever since, the Republican Party has been stalking the California gerrymander in the courts. Two recent Supreme Court decisions bring it measurably nearer to its goal.

In a case originating in North Carolina, black groups charged that multi-member districts of the state legislature discriminated against them, in violation of the 1982 amendments to the Civil Rights Act. The GOP, in the form of Bob Dole, filed an amicus brief that bypassed the 1982 amendments altogether, arguing that multi-member districts are intended to discriminate against minorities, period, including Republicans. In an Indiana case, the complainers were Democrats. The Indiana GOP, they charged, had done a gerrymander of its own. Republicans argued that the issue was a real one, but that the Indiana districts should stand, since that particular gerrymander was not "egregious."

The Court took the Republican line in both cases, and the GOP is licking its chops for the big one. As one law professor, a Democrat, put it, "It's as if [the Court] is writing and saying, [Indiana] isn't so bad, but bring in California and we'll throw it out. I wouldn't give one penny for my party's chances now in California unless they redistrict to be a little less greedy."

It is always good to see less greed in the world, especially when the greedy are Democrats (in politics, the greedy usually are). But what, one wonders for the umpteenth time, does the Court have to do with it? The gerrymander is a slimy device, but hardly new (it was named after Massachusetts governor Elbridge Gerry in 1811). If gerrymandering persistently and grossly discriminates against a majority—as the Democratic gerrymander does in California—then the majority can mobilize to punish the offenders. As Justice O'Connor wrote, dissenting in the Indiana decision, it is a "self-limiting enterprise."

Mrs. O'Connor also predicted that the decision would unleash a rash of partisan suits in response to which the Court would be moved inexorably toward a standard "of rough proportional representation for all political groups." The Constitution guarantees the states a republican form of government; it doesn't guarantee governments with the "right" number of Republicans—or Democrats, or blacks, or whoever—in them. The GOP is ringing the bells now. We'll all be wringing our hands soon.

Massachusetts Fraud

IN THE LAST ISSUE of *NR*, Richard Brookhiser reported that the Massachusetts Democratic State Committee was attempting to bump Greg Hyatt, a 32-year-old tax-cutting Republican, from the gubernatorial primary ballot. State law requires candidates for statewide office to submit ten thousand petition signatures. Hyatt presented 11,839. Handwriting experts estimated that almost 1,700 were fraudulent. The ballot commission rejected the challenge, and the Democrats, acknowledging privately that they could not win the case, declined to appeal. The threat to Hyatt's candidacy thus evaporated, though his travails did not.

For months Hyatt has been the target of a barrage of cheap shots and dirty tricks. Two days before the Republican state convention in June, a former em-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ployer made a series of absurd allegations—that Hyatt had smoked too much on the job; that he drank coffee to excess; that he changed clothes in his office. The party establishment seized the chance to draft a harmless moderate. When Mr. Clean turned out to be guilty of something really serious (lying about his war record), the forgery charge cropped up.

The petition process for candidates in Massachusetts is highly porous. Anyone can walk into a courthouse, or the Secretary of State's office, pick up a sheaf of petitions, and hand them back—all signed John Hancock, if it pleases him. The forgeries could have been done by unscrupulous supporters. They could just as easily have been the work of Democrats eager to sabotage an articulate opponent—or of spiteful Republicans, leery of a conservative comer.

The ongoing uproar burdens the career of a bright young conservative advocate. It also spares Governor Michael Dukakis a principled challenge to his bogus record of economic recovery. The fraud in Massachusetts is on the voters.

Meese v. Playboy

WE HAVEN'T yet studied the full 1,200-page text of the Meese Commission report on pornography, but the reactions of some pundits already indicate the shape of the controversy to come. The reactions range from thoughtful to silly.

The more sober critics contend that the report fails —indeed hardly tries—to establish its thesis empirically: namely, that violent pornography is at least a stimulus to sexual violence. Some of the social scientists the report invoked have, in fact, disowned its conclusions. Two members of the commission itself have also disowned them.

We will have to wait on that one. To say that the commission hasn't proved its case is not to say its intuition is wrong; but if it offers its conclusions as scientific, it had better offer scientific evidence. On the other hand, this is the sort of question that will never be settled to general satisfaction. It's likely that the commission has to some extent found the conclusion it was looking for—a conclusion based in the disapproval most conservatives feel toward porn as such.

It might be better, on the whole, to make a general case against what porn does to the tone of a culture—the results are palpable—and to begin with the reasonable inference that if *King Lear* has ennobling effects on those who see it, *The Devil in Miss Jones* has degrading effects. Whether these lead *directly* to crime is secondary; obviously, for most viewers, they don't. But the argument can be made that a society's morale depends heavily on its public morality, and crime is among the evils of a demoralized society, even if there is no one-to-one ratio between looking at filthy pictures and committing rape.

At worst, the Meese Commission is trying to make a philosophical point with empirical data, and failing. But we reserve judgment, insisting for the moment only that the philosophical point may have a truth that is independent of the simpler empirical claims that are made for it.

Conservatives may also have reservations about the use of the Federal Government's resources to enforce moral standards, a task we have always preferred to leave to state and local governments. Of course liberals who have been willing to use federal power to subvert those standards are in no position to complain, but that doesn't mean it is proper for Washington to pressure chain stores into dropping porn magazines, glad though we are to see the corner 7-Eleven made fit for family consumption.

These are matters of possible concession. But liberal hysteria about "threats to the First Amendment"

Shailo, *London Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

"I thin' we got too much excess baggage."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is as tiresome as it is false. Even the Supreme Court has never held that obscenity as such is constitutionally protected. Next cliché: "Who is to say what is 'obscene'?" Common sense, that's who. The word "indecent" may be hard to define, but even liberals don't want to extend the First Amendment to the man who pulls down his pants in Central Park and is arrested for "indecent exposure."

In an attack on the Meese Commission in *Playboy*, Robert Scheer asserts that "the attempt to define pornography" is "futile." Well, here's a working definition: Pornography is that the failure of which to appear in *Playboy* would result in the magazine's collapse, no matter how brilliant those articles for which so many males insist they buy it. A few paragraphs later Scheer adds that "in my view, all child pornography is foul, and society has an overriding obligation to protect minors." In our view, good. But Scheer doesn't explain how you can define child pornography without defining pornography. Maybe Hef has the answer.

Biting the Bullet

MICKEY KAUS, identified as *The New Republic*'s West Coast correspondent, has an article in the July 7 issue of *TNR* that seems to be intellectually decisive on the subject of welfare. His analysis is superb, though his conclusions are not inevitable.

Kaus begins with what has now become an accepted datum, that there is a "culture of poverty," a nation-within-a-nation, a kind of Third World colony in the United States. It is sustained in large part by the federal AFDC (Aid to Families with Dependent Children) program, the program that pays women for having children out of wedlock. In the culture AFDC subsidizes, Kaus correctly observes, families just don't get formed. It corrupts the women, and it corrupts the men who sire their children.

Kaus recognizes that the culture of poverty has to be abolished, and work is the prescription. He analyzes the various programs now in place that attempt to achieve that end. The much-touted Employment and Training Choices program (ET, for short) in Massachusetts merely scratches the surface. A complex new "workfare" program is going into place in California, but Kaus is correct in thinking that it will not seriously cut into the culture of poverty. Under the California plan, if you don't want to work, you really don't have to.

"Only work works," says Kaus, in what may be one of the great formulations. His recommendation is that we abolish AFDC and provide jobs for the inhabitants of the poverty culture. No work, no eat. They would fill potholes, rake leaves, wash dishes; whatever. They would also have to get to work on time, expressing at least minimal responsibility. Kaus wants to destroy the culture of poverty through a kind of huge WPA, price tag unknowable, maybe around $60 billion.

This is an intellectually challenging proposal: one that might work.

But there is another idea, courtesy of Charles Murray, called cold turkey. AFDC could just be wiped off the books, and the erstwhile recipients could read the want-ads. Realistically, he adds, "Many ghetto men, at least initially, will prefer the world of crime, hustle, and odd jobs to working for 'chump change.' " Well, let them, and then see what happens.

It is certainly an interesting debate, and conceivably a crucial one. Kaus's $60-billion WPA solution could be called "conservative," given the social costs of what we are alternatively facing. It is also possible that we should simply wipe AFDC off the books and try cold turkey. The admirable Mr. Kaus says that he does not have the "stomach" for that answer. But that is hardly an argument.

Bienvenidos a California

Though California once belonged
To Habsburgs in Madrid
And missionaries told about
El Niño and El Cid,
Since 1848, the folks
Thought it was crystal-clear
That though gazpacho is the soup,
English is spoken here.

W. H. VON DREELE

Morris Abram, Well Done

MORRIS ABRAM has quit his post as vice chairman (and dominant figure) of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights. He will be too much absorbed, he says, by his new post as chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations.

Abram deserves the gratitude of those who saw him vilified, in the Eighties, for standing by the same views he stood by during the long decade that preceded the promulgation of civil rights for black citizens in the Sixties. His line then was as clear as Hubert Humphrey's: The Constitution calls for ignoring race. Now, the recent history of race relations is relevant in evaluating the motives of local governors. If there is redistricting in an area historically committed to segregation, the presumption is with the redistricters that the motives are not racist. All these distinctions Morris Abram was always careful to make, but it did not matter: The Jacobins went after him, and by the time they were through dumping on him one

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have thought his background and that of Senator Bilbo were identical.

Slowly, the distinction between affirmative action meaning help for the handicapped and affirmative action meaning mechanical quotas irrespective of achievement is making its way into the consciousness of the distinction-makers. The Supreme Court, with its waffling on affirmative action and its wrongheaded decision last week (see below), has a ways to go, but there is reason to hope that clarity on the subject will come in the Rehnquist Court. When it does, much of the credit should go to Morris Abram.

Does America Hate Whites?

AFFIRMATIVE ACTION, as it is currently being used, is quite simply wrong—wrong because it is anti-white. It seeks to wipe out the effects of past discrimination through . . . discrimination. A white male American would be justified in judging that the Supreme Court, in upholding the constitutionality of reverse discrimination, has nullified the social contract.

The federal judiciary ought to have its portrait painted by Jackson Pollock. We have been instructed by it that the New York sheet-metal workers' union must have 29.23 per cent black and Hispanic workers. As Oscar Wilde remarked, you would have to have a heart of stone to read of the death of Little Nell without laughing.

Though she voted with the Court majority in this case, Justice Sandra Day O'Connor is visibly nervous. "I write separately," she said, "to emphasize that the Court's holding is a narrow one . . . Non-minority employees therefore remain free to challenge the race-conscious measures contemplated by a proposed consent decree as violative of their rights under Section 703 or the Fourteenth Amendment. Even if non-minority employees do not object to the consent decree, a court should not approve a consent decree that on its face provides for racially preferential treatment that would clearly violate Section 703 or the Fourteenth Amendment."

Yes indeed. There may be light at the end of this particular tunnel. But why, to shift tropes, does Justice O'Connor not get her intellectual ducks in a row?

¿Reciprocity, Anyone?

IN CHANGING the immigration laws, Congress might want to consider proposals requiring that:

—the applicant for permanent residence prove his possession of an outside income sufficient to support him and his dependents;

—he present character references from two or more citizens;

—he be given, upon payment of a stiff fee, a certificate, with photograph, fingerprints, place of residence, etc., identifying him as a probationary immigrant;

—this certificate be renewed annually, for a fee, providing that the bearer's conduct in the interim has been unobjectionable;

—dates of all trips abroad will be entered in the certificate, which will be canceled if the bearer is absent for more than one year;

—after five years, upon payment of still another stiff fee, the certificate will be made permanent and the bearer becomes a non-voting resident alien;

—the certificate, however, is cancelable without explanation, and with no provision for appeal, at the pleasure of the government;

—no provision will be made for a resident alien to become a citizen except by direct individual proclamation by the President.

These provisions may be considered harsh, especially by people critical of the relatively mild requirements in pending legislation, but the government of Mexico considers them both fair and prudent. They are, in fact, precisely the terms on which Americans are allowed to live in Mexico, and they are rigidly enforced.

Becker

NO DOUBT about it, Boris Becker is a phenomenon, winning the Wimbledon men's singles title for the second time at age 18, having been, last year, the youngest player ever to win it.

Becker possesses extraordinary physical strength, and he has gained in agility. His serve has been clocked at 160 miles per hour: Not much you can do about that except wait for him to lose concentration. In the Wimbledon final, Becker completely dominated Ivan Lendl, a good player who could not, on that day, seem to get into contention.

Is Boris Becker among the tennis immortals? We shall see. Fate in the form of John McEnroe awaits him at the U.S. Open in August. McNasty, Superbrat, is not everyone's favorite personality, but he can do more things with a tennis ball than anyone else since Rod Laver. Jimmy Connors, playing with a pulled muscle, was knocked out early at Wimbledon, but he has the best return of service in the game. Things are getting interesting.

John East, RIP

SOME TIME DURING the evening of June 28, at his home, after returning to North Carolina following a busy week in Congress, United States Senator John East died, apparently committing suicide in the throes of deep depression brought on by hypothyroidism. In the thirty years since his career as a young officer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the Marine Corps was ended by polio, John East had fought and won many long and desperate battles. This last fight, against hypothyroidism, he lost. Though we grieve not only for his loss but also at the circumstances surrounding it, the tradition teaches us that the best way to express that grief is by remembering the very great deal this quiet man accomplished while striving against the odds.

Though he spent his public and professional life in the South, Senator East was born in Springfield, Illinois, on May 5, 1931. Upon graduating with honors from Earlham College in 1953, he went into military service and was on duty at Quantico as a Marine Corps lieutenant when he contracted polio. After dealing with the consequences of that affliction, he took first a law degree, and then a PhD in political philosophy. He taught at East Carolina University until elected to the United States Senate in 1980.

I knew John East best as a historian and expositor of political philosophy, beginning with St. Augustine. We were both advisory editors of *Modern Age*, and occasionally we read each other in manuscript. He worked for many years on a series of essays on conservative thinkers. He finished that book, *The American Conservative Movement: Its Philosophical Founders*, this year, and was reading it in galley for Regnery/Gateway the week before his death.

East was a deliberate and careful interpreter who could also speak in his own person—as he did memorably in 1981 before the Philadelphia Society. Yet even in the political arena, he was a movement conservative intellectual, a reflective man who sustained his contacts with other conservative scholars.

Nonetheless, John East took a real interest in the affairs of his party from the time he first moved to North Carolina. He made a race for the House of Representatives in 1966, and for Secretary of State in 1968. In 1976 he spoke on the platform committee of the Republican National Convention for the Reagan forces gathered there. His 1980 defeat of an incumbent Democratic senator was part of a great surge of Reagan enthusiasm in North Carolina—and incidentally a surprise to those who persist in underestimating the political influence of Senator Jesse Helms.

As a United States senator, East made his mark early with the first hearings ever held on abortion and the definition of life, and the first hearings on the persistent stupidity of busing. He also worked toward the preparation of a judicial-reform act restricting the power of the federal courts. But his health failed in 1984-85.

With the loss of John East, I am bereft of an old friend, and all conservatives of a trusted comrade in arms, one whose commitment to principle, as the President observed, "never wavered." Confronted by such mystery, we trust in God's grace, knowing that it alone is sufficient to all our needs and purposes.

—M. E. Bradford

Rudy Vallee, R I P

"Rudy was watching the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty," his wife said. "He remarked: 'I wish we could be there. You know how I love a party.' Then he took a big breath, and he died." President Reagan called him a "dedicated patriot," and said that it was appropriate "that Rudy's last moments were spent watching the illumination of the Statue of Liberty."

Rudy Vallee was something new in the world. Along with Rudolph Valentino, he was the first of the great media superstars. Both owed their particular kind of stardom to the mass media—the movies in Valentino's case, radio in Vallee's. Neither would have been possible before 1920. Valentino represented forbidden sex, the Sheik. Vallee, born in the tiny town of Island Pond, Vermont, represented Ivy League sophistication. A raccoon coat was one of his props, he actually went to Yale, and he sang through a megaphone. "The Whiffenpoof Song." "My Time Is Your Time." "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover." Heigh-ho, everybody!

The great popular stars are metaphors for popular aspiration. Rudy Vallee prepared the way for Frank Sinatra, Elvis Presley, Bob Dylan, Michael Jackson. Rudy Vallee's metaphor was pretty good.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You might wish to mention to your Friend with the Grecian Formula coif that, while bombing the fecal matter out of Libya is certainly preferable to taking no action whatsoever, the Eastern mind cannot encompass clean-cut heroism. It sets their backs up.

As they have specialized, in the past, in sneaky, or even (they fondly hope) devious forms of terrorism, the proper method of retaliation would be to 1) have five or six agents slither into Qaddafi's palace and plant bombs in discreet places, i.e., toilet-paper rolls; 2) detonate them, preferably when Monarch Muammar is suitably Enthron'd; and 3) have our embassy loudly deny responsibility *before having been accused* (so as to make our involvement absolutely clear).

Mideasterners tend to appreciate this kind of subtlety.

Stupendously respectfully,
S. Mitchell
Philadelphia, Pa.

☐ Memo to: Staff
From: WFB

Beginning this issue, there will be rearrangements as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Langdon, *Punch* / Rothco

"Okay. So you want me to ask the CIA to find out what all the others will be wearing to the Royal Wedding?"

follows: Brian Crozier will continue to write 26 pages per year, but occasionally he will expand a column to two or three pages, entitling him to proportional layoffs. Ditto John McLaughlin. Bill Rickenbacker will write articles in place of his regular column, and Keith Mano will write two out of three issues. The idea is to make room for a regular column on the academy, to begin in September, by Jeff Hart.

We take great pleasure in announcing that Richard John Neuhaus will serve as NATIONAL REVIEW's Religion Editor, relieving Michael Novak, who has served us so ably but who is over-engaged in government work and book work. Pastor Neuhaus is a Lutheran minister, Director of the Center on Religion and Society, editor of *The Religion and Society Report* and the *Lutheran Forum Letter*. He has written ten books, the most recent being *Dispensations: The Future of South Africa as South Africans See It*. His *The Naked Public Square* is a critically acclaimed analysis of public policy and public life in post-secular America. His column will appear in every other issue.

☐ Mr. Michael Kramer
New York Magazine

Dear Mike:

You write (incredibly) in your mag, May 12, "Having neatly rebuked [Charles] Murray, whom he [Daniel Patrick Moynihan, in his book *Disintegration Blues*] calls a serious scholar despite Murray's support of William F. Buckley Jr.'s proposal for 'taking away the right to vote from anyone who [has] no source of income except welfare,' Moynihan is less helpful in shaping a future . . ."

I have seen non-sequiturs in my life, baby ones, middle-sized ones, and great big ones, but they all stand aside in awe at yours. A policy recommendation has nothing to do with scholarship, serious or non-serious. And if it did, I take the occasion to remind you that the proposal attributed to me was first made by John Stuart Mill, whose scholarly credentials are generally accepted.

Yours cordially,
Bill

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

While in the bookstore last week to pick up the latest *NR*, I espied a copy of the English translation of *Pravda*, and curiosity took hold. Having purchased and read it cover to cover, I now suffer from guilt, despite having enjoyed some chuckles and not a few guffaws along the way. I feel that what I did was the political equivalent of an evangelical reading Aleister Crowley just to see if the reality matches the bad reputation. What's worse, now I feel tempted to pick up an issue of *The Nation*.

I repent of the former error and shall struggle mightily against the latter temptation. I feel that the least I could do to atone is finally to make a commitment to NATIONAL REVIEW, so I am sending a check for my first subscription. However, I shall not feel cleansed until I receive forgiveness and guidance from the venerable WFB . . .

Yours in Conservatism,
Kevin O'Hare
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Mr. O'Hare: *Ego te exculpo*. Your penance is a two-year subscription. You should avoid occasions of sin, i.e., the larger newsstands. Hum "The Star-Spangled Banner" before meals. If tempted, call our hot-line, number available to anyone with a three-year sub. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have one brother who went to Harvard and another who went to the electric chair. My mother died in an insane asylum when I was three, and my father is serving a life sentence for narcotics trafficking. My sister is a prosperous and respected prostitute in Boston.

Recently I met, and fell in love with, a girl just out of reform school where she served time for smothering her illegitimate newborn baby. We plan to marry soon.

Should I tell her about my brother who went to Harvard?

J. Bute
Houston, Tex.

Dear Mr. Bute: Why not just economize your biography by saying you have a brother who went to Harvard and to the electric chair? Cordially, **—WFB**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT'S HAPPENING, BY GEORGE?

GEORGE BUSH remains the front-runner in the 1988 GOP presidential race, but prevailing sentiment here says that he's losing ground. "George is going nowhere," notes a Republican political consultant. " 'Front-runner' means only name ID. To open a true margin, he's got to show that he's a leader." Presumably, this would be done by a) stating some kind of vision for the nation, b) translating that vision into policy specifics, and c) stumping for state and local office-holders, not only to collect IOUs, but also to develop a personal rapport with voters. "Only then will George gain a command both of the issues and of the mass appeal needed for winning the nomination."

"The Vice President's having some problems," acknowledges a pro-Bush GOP senator, "but this early in the game, they're not insurmountable." Bush's almost daily one-on-one sessions with President Reagan and his attendance at Cabinet meetings make him a shaper of national policy, a position of influence the other challengers lack. The problem is that George makes no use of his unique advantage. "Nobody's juices are flowing because of George Bush," says the senator. "For someone with his ambitions, he's not active enough in the substance of what's going on in Washington."

Hill insiders point out that the Vice President had no impact on either the President's SALT II decision or his strategy to sell arms to the Saudis, nor did Bush take part visibly enough in the tax-reform debate. His handlers counter, lamely and naïvely, that Mr. Bush is a humble man who doesn't like to brag.

To the man on the street, Vice President Bush is seen as quintessentially loyal to a President who is prodigiously popular. Unarguably, loyalty and humility are edifying virtues, but politically they stand to do Bush in. "He needs to stop being just a yes man," says a Reaganite congressman, "and take the lead on issues of his choosing," just as other ambitious figures habitually do: Jack Kemp (tax reform), Pete Domenici (budget), Sam Nunn (defense). This is how politicians become nationally known in their own right. With his international knowledge and experience, "why can't Bush become a Kissinger in foreign policy?" asks a GOP political consultant. The public could then see that Bush's abilities go beyond funeral attendance, ribbon-cutting, and groundbreaking.

If Bush fails to separate himself from the pack, other moderates will soon fill the gap. Already, Republican National Committee Chairman Frank Fahrenkopf is anticipating "more candidates getting involved" in the presidential sweepstakes. A possible entrant who would benefit most from Bush's blending into the woodwork is Senator Paul Laxalt (R., Nev.), who, as Ronald Reagan's close friend in Washington, stands to outclass Bush in any loyalty-to-the-President stakes. Laxalt also appeals to movement conservatives and party regulars in a way Bush does not. "The fact that Laxalt is thinking about running," says a GOP operative, makes "what could have been an easy march at best a bloody win, and at worst a shameful defeat."

"He's not a good politician," a high-ranking House Democrat observes. "He's had problems every time he's run on his own. He's not a winner." Some of Bush's problems stem from his birthright. "People can't elect a cultural Republican President," asserts a hard-right congressman. "Reagan is a cultural Democrat, born into humble circumstances, a populist by nature. Bush is a classic upper-class Republican." Although Bush is doing what he can to shake the "class problem" (he says he hasn't owned a button-down shirt in ten years) the opinion here is that his preppie image will die hard.

Why try to kill it? "Why chase the Baptists when the Episcopalians are the backbone of his support?" asks a Democratic consultant and former congressman. "Conservative populists are Bush's antithesis, not his strength." Bush's naked pandering to the New Right, moreover, gave him the look of a crass opportunist. "The natural advantages of incumbency were lost by those stunts," says one disillusioned Bushite, referring to the Veep's attempts a year or so ago to curry New Right favor, including his posthumous salute to William Loeb of the *Manchester Union Leader*. His poor showing in the recent Michigan precinct delegate filing should have driven this point home. "Michigan was set up to be a show of strength for Bush, but instead he got caught in an undertow of support for Robertson and Kemp," declares a conservative newsletter editor.

Wait Till Next Year

IT'S TOO early to count George Bush out, of course, but his days will be numbered unless he heeds football's first law: The best defense is a strong offense. "Bush needs to put down the water pail, suit up, and run some plays," says a Midwestern senator on Bush's steering committee. "He might try throwing a long pass once in a while, too, one that's not called by the Gipper. If he's serious about succeeding Reagan, the sidelines ain't the place to be."

The midsummer wisdom in this Redskin-crazed town is that the Vice President will, indeed, execute some plays this summer. But not until after the November elections will he cut a strong profile for himself, defining his leadership, issues, and power. By the spring of 1987, we will know whether George Bush is still the front-runner, still the candidate to beat, still the odds-on favorite. My guess is: It will happen, by George. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It is, in my judgment, a quite extraordinary performance. It is brilliantly written . . . a true pleasure to read because, although it goes over contests with which we all are familiar, it brings them to life by casting a penetrating eye and intelligence on things done and said . . ."

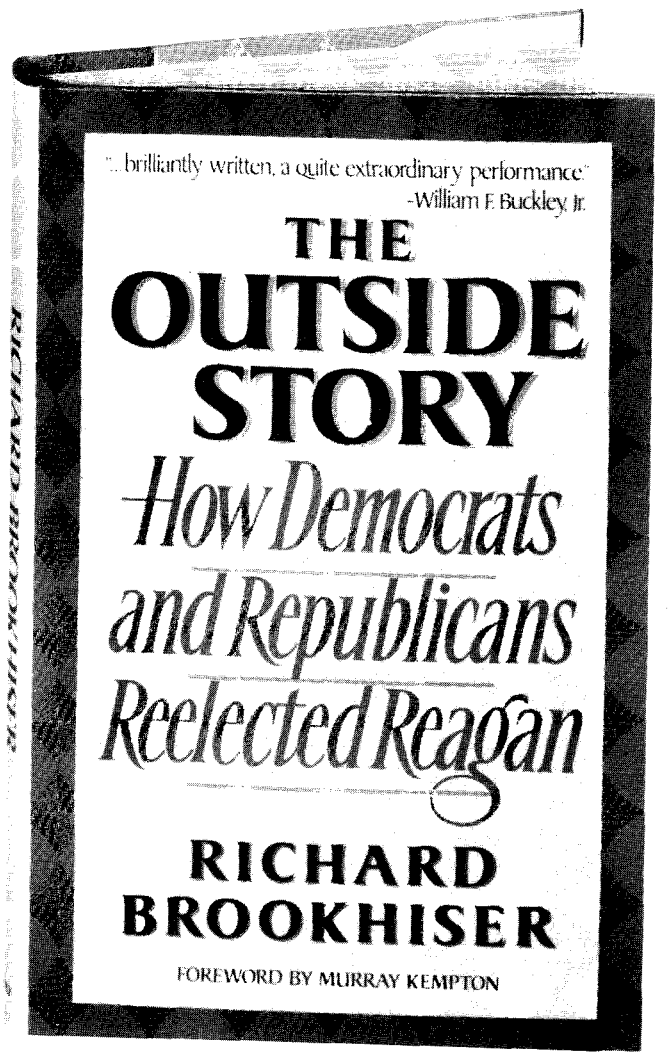
—WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

"Brookhiser is a first-rate political reporter. He is intelligent and has a good eye. And it seems safe to say that, though he is barely in his 30s, as a stylist Brookhiser has few peers in American journalism today."

—JAMES ANDREWS, *The Christian Science Monitor*

". . . there are pleasures here, particularly in the bright writing and in Richard Brookhiser's irreverent yet serious treatment of a prodigiously silly but deeply serious event."

—WALTER GOODMAN, *The New York Times*



This is the right stuff! *The Outside Story* is a remarkable *tour de force* by *National Review*'s new managing editor, Richard Brookhiser—a book that will change your own view of presidential campaigns. It's genuinely enjoyable because of the fast-moving yet graceful style Brookhiser has mastered so well. *The Outside Story* retains your interest from start to finish. It's a book no conservative (or liberal, for that matter) should be without.

To get your own copy of this important book—the original hardcover edition ($17.95 retail)—as a special bonus for only 95¢, all you have to do is enter a subscription to *National Review* for a full year at the regular $34 rate (or extend your present subscription for another year, no matter when it expires) and you get the book for only 95¢, postpaid! Our supply of books is limited so act *now*. Fill out the card facing this page and return it today.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOUTH AFRICA: A WAY OUT

It was difficult, when these lines were written, to focus attention on anything other than South Africa. The headlines screamed, the media blared, the politicians shouted. Words of wisdom? Few and far between . . .

Let me start with a simple question: Do we, the West, want a Communist regime in Pretoria, closely linked with the Soviet Union? If we do, then Mr. Ronald Dellums's disinvestment resolution in the House of Representatives makes sense, as do the Commonwealth Report on South Africa, the statements of the organizers of the UN's Paris conference on apartheid, and most of the speeches in the House of Commons debate on sanctions.

No doubt some, at least, of those advocating disinvestment and all-out economic sanctions really do want a Communist regime in South Africa. The great majority do not, but are either ignorant of, or blind to, the facts and the inevitable consequences of their proposals.

At the heart of the problem is the role of the African National Congress (ANC), the oldest of the black African nationalist organizations. The ANC was outlawed in 1960 after the Sharpeville massacre and turned to sabotage and violence through its military wing, Umkonto we Sizwe (Spear of the Nation). Already, relations between the ANC and the South African Communist Party (SACP) were close. As is the way with such alliances, the SACP gradually gained control of the older ANC.

To put the problem in perspective, the SACP, created in 1921, was among the first of the many Communist parties set up by Lenin's Comintern. It has pursued an unwaveringly pro-Soviet line and has particularly close links with the East German regime. Nor is this a matter of white South African propaganda: The facts are well documented—for instance, in the Hoover *Yearbook on International Communist Affairs.*

Put it another way: The relationship between the SACP and the ANC is analogous to that between the North Vietnamese Lao Dong (Communist) party and the National Front for the Liberation of South Vietnam (NLF) during the Vietnam War. And the relationship between the ANC and Umkonto we Sizwe corresponds to that between the NLF and the Vietcong.

The international agitation in favor of sanctions plays into the hands of the ANC and its Communist allies. If translated into action, it would increase black poverty and discontent and boost the effectiveness of the ANC's terrorists. Note that those who agitate for sanctions also press for the release of Nelson Mandela, the long-detained ANC leader, and for preferential negotiations between the South African government and the ANC. They also call for a unitary state on the basis of one man, one vote.

Friday the 13th

Just suppose the South Africans, with their Boer majority, went along supinely with those proposals (as they will not): The end result would be a Communist-dominated government in Pretoria. I know of no exceptions to the rule that negotiations with political extremists foreshadow a transfer of power to the extremists. Just two recent examples: the U.S.-Vietnamese negotiations of 1972-73, and the Lancaster House negotiations in London. Who is in power now in Vietnam and Zimbabwe?

The Commonwealth Report on South Africa, published (appropriately for the superstitious) on Friday, the 13th of June, should be looked at in the light of such realities. The report is the collective work of the so-called Eminent Persons Group (EPG for short) appointed by the Commonwealth summit at Nassau, Bahamas, in October 1985. It is a document of truly impressive intellectual dishonesty, shallowness, and naïve emotionalism. Appropriately, it has been widely hailed as a piece of collective wisdom that it would be irresponsible to ignore.

The EPG was jointly chaired by Mr. Malcolm Fraser, a former Liberal (i.e., conservative) prime minister of Australia, and General Olusegun Obasanjo, a former Nigerian president. Arriving in London from South Africa, Obasanjo remarked that he thought Mrs. Thatcher would not like to be known as the British leader who broke up the Commonwealth (in reference to her stated opposition to sanctions). Mr. Fraser, evidently not having noticed what was going on around him, remarked that if Britain refused to impose sanctions, the ANC would come to the view that there was nothing left for it but to fight it out.

Now the ANC's campaign of all-out violence, in full swing for quite some time, has been explicitly endorsed by the ANC's president, Oliver Tambo, and by Mrs. Winnie Mandela, wife of the detained leader. One of the pictures adorning the report was of a benign Malcolm Fraser, with one arm around a smiling Mrs. Mandela and the other around a beaming Dame Nita Barrow (an "Eminent Person" from Barbados).

Is Nelson Mandela, or was he, a Communist? Certainly, before his detention, Mandela was on record as praising the South African Communist Party.

The EPG managed to gain access to Mandela, courtesy of the South African authorities. (Ever try gaining access to Sakharov?) Three times they met with Winnie Mandela, but only once with Chief Buthelezi, leader of the Zulu nation, nearly four million strong, and of by far the biggest black organization in South Africa, the Inkatha, with between 200,000 and 300,000 members. The EPG met with Bishop Tutu, who favors sanctions, but ignored

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bishop Mokoena, who opposes them. How many people have heard of Bishop Mokoena? Yet he preaches in the black town of Soweto and speaks for 4.5 million black Christians as president of the Independent Reformed Churches in South Africa.

At this point, we are building up to an interesting paradox: Strategic realism clashes with political reality. Let me explain: Strategic realism means respecting the facts I have mentioned and never losing sight of the long-term risks from the standpoint of the Western Alliance. Political reality includes the attitudes of many congressmen, British MPs, and church leaders, however mistaken or ignorant.

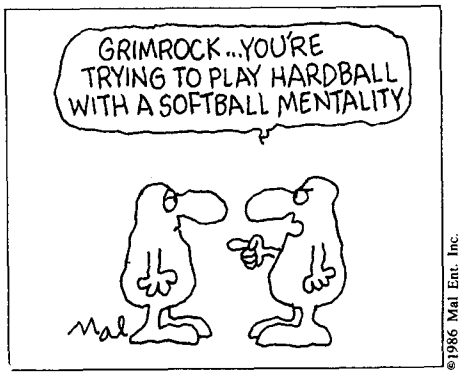
Of all such political realities none is more cumbersome and absurd than the Commonwealth and, in particular, the position of Queen Elizabeth II as Head of that ramshackle conglomeration. The Commonwealth has become the biggest single obstacle preventing the formulation of a valid British and Atlantic international policy.

When the U.S. liberated Grenada from Communist tyranny in the fall of 1983, Mrs. Thatcher's judgment, for once, deserted her, in part because the next Commonwealth summit loomed ahead. This time, she has specifically denounced sanctions. However, the Commonwealth countries involved in the EPG report will be meeting in London early in August. Will she stand up to Commonwealth pressure for sanctions and risk splitting the Commonwealth, in the face of the Queen's specific displeasure?

Apartheid, and Apartheid

NOWHERE IN their report did the "Eminent Persons" distinguish between the two quite distinct meanings of apartheid. "Petty" apartheid rightly attracts moral indignation, but it has largely been swept away in a series of reforms carried out over the past two or three years. There are now black trade unions and black property rights. Blacks may now marry non-blacks. The pass laws are going, and everybody is to have a new identity card.

The other meaning of apartheid is "separate development." I confess that I see nothing inherently repugnant in it. The Swiss Confederation—with its 23 cantons, nearly three thousand communes, and four linguistic areas—is a near-perfect example of apartheid in practice, and nobody is proposing sanctions against Switzerland.



What the champions of the ANC and of mandatory sanctions clamor for is a transfer of political power from the white minority to the black majority, through one man, one vote. It is not, I believe, going to happen, but if white South Africans were forced into a democratic and unitary state, the country would be ungovernable and the ensuing bloodbath would make the current situation look like a zone of peace.

The four black "homelands" that have been given their theoretical independence (Ciskei, Bophuthatswana, Transkei, and Venda) have not been recognized internationally as such, yet they are no less independent in fact than, say, Hungary or Czechoslovakia, and more so than Byelorussia and the Ukraine, which have separate national representation in the United Nations.

Beware the trap of universal suffrage and the facile snare of majority rule. The former brought Hitler to power in a free vote, and sustains Communist regimes. The latter is as unsuited to the South African reality as it would be to the Swiss, where old ethnic conflicts were disguised by uniformity of epidermic color.

The only workable future for South Africa lies in a sensible federal/confederal mix. The existing (1983) constitution provides for a Parliament with three chambers: the House of Assembly, with 178 white members; the House of Representatives, with 85 colored members; and the House of Delegates, with 45 Asians (mainly Indians). It is relevant to note that whites are thus represented on the basis of one seat for 25,494 voters; the coloreds have one representative for 30,835 voters; and it takes 18,311 Asians to vote one member to the House of Delegates. This averages out to one member of Parliament for every 24,880 members of the non-black communities. The same arithmetic, extended to the mainly urban black population of the Republic of South Africa, would produce a black chamber of 683, outnumbering the other three houses combined by more than 2 to 1. This would be well over the threshold of ungovernability.

A more realistic formula would be to aim for a black chamber equal in size to the three existing chambers, which would yield a more viable figure of one member of Parliament for some 55,000 members of the black community. Before throwing up hands in horror, consider this arresting anomaly in the Mother of Parliaments: Because of the first-past-the-post constituency system, it takes an average of 33,000 voters to elect one Conservative MP, and 517,000 to send a Social Democratic candidate to Parliament.

Why Not?

UNDER THE existing South African constitution, far-reaching powers are vested in the state president, who is elected by an electoral college of the existing chambers. If power-sharing is to have any meaning in a four-chamber Parliament, a new body will be needed to advise on key federal subjects: foreign affairs, defense, and finance. Why not call it the "Federal Council"? Why not elect it on the U.S. Senate principle of a regional vote?

To be practical, this Federal Council should be elected by the legislative assemblies of the self-governing states or, as the case may be, designated by the chief ministers of the independent states.

The President's Council (an existing advisory and arbitrational body) should remain in place, subject to the enlarged Parliament that I am suggesting.

Not the least benefit that a constitution on such lines would bring is that it would dampen the historical antagonisms between the black tribes or nations, which run no less deep than those between blacks and whites. Indeed, I can think of only one drawback to these proposals: They are too sensible to appeal to the ignorant and the misguided who follow uncritically in the steps of the fanatics. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What George Shultz Could Learn From Don Corleone

Tom Bethell

THE UNITED STATES has largely entrusted its foreign policy to a Mandarin class of Foreign Service Officers who are professionally inclined to look upon the creeds and manifestos of foreigners with genial disbelief. Characteristically, within this class, ignorance masquerades as tolerance, gullibility as worldly wisdom. "Khomeini? He couldn't possibly believe all the nonsense he spouts!" "Communism? Outmoded ideology. No one believes in it any more!"

For this reason the very mention of the phrase "State Department professional" is apt to induce a certain apprehension in the prudent man today, as a shopkeeper might feel if asked to entrust his store to children. Gentlemanly etiquette dominates U.S. diplomatic encounters with foreigners, all of whom are assumed to be pretty much alike "underneath." Jefferson's dictum that all men are created equal is extended to cover the aspirations of nations: All aspire to liberal democracy.

What about the very different ideologies, creeds, and systems in many of these countries? Don't they mean anything? Sure, the pro from State will tell you, they have to pay lip service to a lot of odd notions because (off the record) people are still pretty backward in many parts of the globe. But it's all for show. Go to the UN bar overlooking the East River any evening, and after a few drinks with their representatives over here you'll find that their chaps are pretty much in agreement with us. People Like Us, you might say. Off the record, you'll find that these foreigners are often quite critical of some of the practices back home.

Did someone suggest that they might try to lie to us, take unfair advantage of our various offers? Don't worry, old man. It's not in their interest, you see. They might be tempted, of course, but we have a whole series of carrots lined up to offer them. This means that good behavior on their part is very much in their interest.

In such a world the Communists have thrived for more than forty years. Again and again since Yalta, American diplomats, their suit pockets filled with carrots, have proceeded optimistically to the bargaining table with Communists and have negotiated no more circumspectly than they would with the loan department of the Chase Manhattan Bank. Every time they have returned with empty pockets and worthless pieces of paper.

We have lost considerable ground as a result of these mismatches. Perhaps above all, we have sown a debilitating confusion about the nature of Communism. By sitting down at the negotiating table with Communists, we have actually established them as the co-guarantors of world peace when in fact they are the sole threat to it.

Ever since his Hollywood days President Reagan has understood the problem of dealing with Communists. Shortly after he became President he said that Communist "morality" is "what will further their cause, meaning they reserve unto themselves the right to commit any crime, to lie, to cheat, in order to attain it." And only recently, at Glassboro High School, Mr. Reagan said, "We must remember that the Soviet government is based upon and drawn from the Soviet Communist Party—an organization that remains formally pledged to subjecting the world to Communist domination."

Nonetheless, in what appears to have been the interest of preserving domestic political tranquillity, Mr. Reagan has tried to combine these sound sentiments with the incompatible practice of carrying on extended negotiations with Communists. By all accounts he has given his Secretary of State, George Shultz, unusual latitude, and Shultz in turn has done little to resist the will of the State Department professionals who work under him.

In May, President Reagan said he would break the SALT II limits later this year. He promptly drew down the wrath of the liberal-Soviet alliance. Having campaigned against the unratified treaty, calling it "fatally flawed," he had given the liberals what they wanted by abiding by it anyway. Now, after four years of unilateral compliance, he said enough was enough. But he has kept saying that what he wants is a *good* arms-control agreement for his signature.

Mr. Reagan is widely thought to be committed to the Strategic Defense Initiative. But when asked recently by Jack Nelson of the *Los Angeles Times* if SDI deployment was negotiable, he said, "That's right, yes." FLEXIBLE ON 'STAR WARS'—REAGAN, ran the *L.A. Times* front-page head-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

line the next day. A year or two ago Reagan said that we must "restore the integrity of the ABM Treaty," which bars deployment of SDI.

Reagan has thereby conceded to the liberal-Soviet alliance the cogency of its major premise: that it is possible to negotiate satisfactorily with Communists. In fact it is not. And we must understand why it is not, before we negotiate ourselves into the grave.

As I write, negotiations with Communists proceed around the globe, or are actively sought by governments threatened by Communist forces. In nearly all such cases the U.S. Government is either participating in the talks or cheering from the sidelines. The delusion of negotiated peace with people committed to violence if necessary persists in Geneva and in Bern; in Vienna and in Manila; in San Salvador and on the island of Contadora. It persists where it may be said to have been born, in the Foreign Office in London, but above all it thrives in the State Department in Washington.

In Geneva, the central assumption of the arms talks—that, in the absence of "legal" limits, Mr. Gorbachev will order his munitions workers to work overtime, and perhaps on weekends also, thereby overwhelming us with the sheer quantity of their arms—reigns unchallenged. No one ever asks this question: If such a simple avenue to victory in the global conflict were open to the Soviets, why would they be willing to forfeit it at the bargaining table?

Mr. Reagan has sought to placate the liberal-Soviet alliance by giving it what it wants, namely, negotiations, without actually giving anything away in the course of such talks. This of course is a recipe for endless talks. It is also a source of endless uncertainty and a sign of weakness. Furthermore, his opponents, far from being appeased by such a concession, scent a more complete capitulation.

Observe, for example, White House correspondent Lou Cannon's jeers of disbelief in the *Washington Post*. In claiming that SALT's ceilings could be breached as early as August, Defense Secretary Weinberger had "prematurely" buried the treaty, Cannon crowed. "Take all bets against this wishful forecast," he added. "Other officials say the better bet is that the United States will remain in compliance until year's end, by which time Reagan will presumably have held his second summit with Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev." The Cannon column read like a boast that the liberal-Soviet alliance could bully Reagan back into line before the SALT-breaching hour had arrived.

BEFORE EXPLAINING why negotiations with Communists cannot bear fruit (except for the Communists), let us look for the common denominator in all such negotiations.

In Afghanistan, Mr. Reagan has expressed the hope for a "negotiated end to the war." Talks have been proceeding under UN auspices, the American hope being that the Soviets will lay down their arms, return to Russia, and permit the establishment of democracy—as though that was what they had all along been trying to attain. Former Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin showed that he had a clearer grasp of the situation. The USSR "must protect [its] revolutionary achievements" in Afghanistan, he said.

Here the Soviets invaded an adjacent country, ostensibly at the invitation of its puppet (Soviet-installed) government, and the U.S. belatedly responded with some assistance to the free Afghan remnant. The Soviets would like us to stop the aid, and so they proceeded straight to Geneva. They said they wanted a peaceful settlement, and of course they do want peace in Afghanistan—just as Georgia and the Ukraine belong to the zone of peace.

In these talks "Afghan" (i.e., Soviet-controlled) and Pakistani delegations are discussing what the *New York Times* calls "political guarantees of Afghan neutrality" (i.e., the exclusion of U.S. aid from the region). Not much is likely to happen at these talks, but still Mr. Reagan disconcertingly said after last November's summit that he believed Mr. Gorbachev was "sincere" in seeking a "negotiated solution" in Afghanistan.

Mr. Reagan has sought to placate the liberal-Soviet alliance by giving it negotiations, without giving anything away. His opponents, far from being appeased, scent a more complete capitulation

In El Salvador the feckless Duarte proposed in June that talks "without weapons" be held (once more) with Communist rebels who have been waging war against Duarte's army. Duarte's promise implied that *his* side would be unarmed, although the rebels would no doubt consent to keep their weapons hidden for the sake of appearance. The irresistible image is that of the police chief promising an unarmed negotiating team if only the criminals will come in and discuss a ceasefire.

Duarte showed the weakness of his hand by asking for the cooperation of the bishop of San Salvador, Arturo Rivera y Damas, who was himself recently driven from his cathedral by a hundred protestors. They were demanding the release of nine members of "human-rights organizations" accused by the government of belonging to the very rebel groups with which Duarte seeks to negotiate.

If Duarte continues down this road he will end up surrendering his government to the rebels, slice by slice. They will seek inclusion in the government, in return promising an end to violence. When the violence continues they will disown it, and will demand the elimination of "rightists," upon whom the blame will be fixed. And so on.

Notice that Duarte, who calls himself a socialist, has no principle of resistance to the use of force in the name of socialism. At the outset of his administration he drove Salvadoran landowners from their farms and collectivized the land in the name of "land reform." Trucks full of soldiers came onto the properties and drove off the landowners, in some cases without even letting them pack their bags. This was done with the support of the U.S. State Department and the then-U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador, Robert White.

In the Philippines, Mrs. Corazon Aquino has called for a "negotiated peace" with the 16,500-member New People's Army, which has been killing an average of 12 Filipinos a day since Marcos was driven abroad. She doesn't want to appear gullible, but she wants nonetheless to "exhaust all efforts" to "achieve peace through negotiations." At the same time the founder of the Communist Party

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Philippines, José María Sison, has said that Mrs. Aquino has little choice *but* to form a coalition with the "revolutionary forces." The Communists, he claims, will "smash" her army if she doesn't. According to an account in the *Washington Post*, dateline Quezon City, Sison made this threat "in a lecture at the University of the Philippines, in this leafy suburb of Manila."

Mrs. Aquino may well feel that if Mr. Reagan thinks it is all right for the U.S. to negotiate with Communists, then so is it for her government. But she is mistaken. Obviously Mr. Sison and his allies do *not* have the ability to "smash" the army. If they did they would not be seeking negotiations. They want negotiations not to avoid unnecessary bloodshed but because they have something else to gain. *Washington Post* reporter Don Oberdorfer has noted: "The Communist leaders are reported to believe that their cause can gain recognition and legitimacy through the negotiations, and may win some new adherents." Precisely. If threatening to "smash" someone is rewarded by the offer of a friendly chat, then civil discourse is a sham. If threats are unpenalized, then by default they are rewarded.

The Contadora negotiations, under way since 1983, represent an attempt by Central American countries, recently abetted by Mr. Reagan's hapless emissary Philip Habib, to cajole the Sandinistas in Nicaragua into agreeing once again to do what they agreed to do in 1979: to establish a democracy, guarantee human rights, and conduct "an independent and non-aligned foreign policy." Habib went so far as to sign a letter to congressmen promising an end to U.S. aid to the Contras if only the Sandinistas would again sign the promise they had already broken.

The fear lurking behind arms control is that in the absence of a steady stream of concessions, the Soviets will use the bombs they have. Appeasement, not quantitative reduction, is the purpose

Here the State Department policy is of the "two-track" variety. Fund the Contras, and promote simultaneous negotiations with the military opponents of the Contras. Notice the confusion here. The underlying theory is that the threat of Contra force will encourage the Sandinistas to stop being Communists and mutate into democrats. But of course being a Communist means rejecting the democratic mode of government and claiming the right to use force if necessary in order to achieve what is alleged to be justice.

The State Department's policy here is analogous to the police trying to encourage the Mafia to be law-abiding by funding a rival gang to go after it. But if one's view of the Sandinistas is that carrots will not induce them to reform, then it is surely misguided to believe that sticks will browbeat them into legality; as though they were democrats deep down, but needed a little armed opposition to be made aware of the fact.

I hasten to add that President Reagan was right to seek military aid for the Contras. But we should be more clear-headed about its purpose. This must be to defeat the Sandinistas militarily, not to achieve a political mutation. Likewise a police-funded gang could indeed destroy a Mafia family, but it would be utopian to expect the police gang to transform the Mafia family into the Better Business Bureau.

Notice once again that the Sandinistas themselves have a rather clearer view of the relationship between force and negotiation than we do. The one group they will *not* talk to at Contadora is the Contras. "The government of Nicaragua will never negotiate with such mercenaries," Sandinista Vice President Sergio Ramírez said recently. However, he added, "we are prepared to negotiate with the U.S. Administration."

COMMUNIST REGIMES cannot be expected to abide by any treaty they sign, because they govern not by law but by force. They recognize no moral obligation. And legal obligation is a fiction in the international arena. What, then, is to stop them from threatening the use of force abroad, or from actually using it? Only force directed back at them. But a negotiation between two parties is a contractual, consensual relationship, not a coercive one.

Negotiations with Communists are bound to be unsatisfactory and possibly disastrous for democrats abiding by the rule of law, because Communists threaten to use force if they do not get their way. In the case of Mr. Sison in the Philippines, the threat was explicit. In El Salvador, Duarte responded to violence by seeking negotiations with the violent, thereby acknowledging his vulnerability to violence and ensuring more of it.

The fear lurking behind arms-control talks is not that nuclear arms will multiply "uncontrollably," as though they were like crabgrass and could overrun us if not kept in check by diplomats working out of Switzerland. Nor is the fear that they will explode accidentally, like World War II mines buried beneath the sand dunes. The real fear is that, in the absence of a steady stream of concessions, the Soviets will use the bombs they already have. Appeasement, not quantitative reduction, is the purpose of arms control.

It has been said that the Soviets "use" their nuclear arsenal every day. They warned in 1983, for example, that Helmut Kohl's election could result in West Germany's "ascending a nuclear gallows." Deployment of U.S. missiles could turn Italy into "a Pompeii." Scandinavian countries just might "burn in the fire of a nuclear war in the name of Atlantic solidarity." U.S. defenses "make Japan a likely target for a nuclear response strike." These threats are from a country whose ambassadors are received with grovels, and whose "media" representatives advocate "peace" on the programs of Ted Koppel and Phil Donahue.

Treaties between nations are the analogues of freely negotiated contracts between consenting parties in a civil society. After the signing, one party emerges with a piece of paper, either a check or a promissory note, while the other party takes possession of the property and title to it. The terms of the contract—that is to say the price, and the precise definition of the property—are what the negotiation is all about.

Diplomacy under duress is a sham: extortion masquerading as negotiation. This sometimes does occur in civil society, as when the Mafia makes a property owner "an offer he can't refuse." The owner may pretend to haggle over the price, but he knows that he is threatened with violence if he doesn't accept the other's terms. Notice that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in such a situation no actual threat is needed. The owner need only know the identity of the buyer.

The owner may of course call the police and attempt to represent himself as the victim of extortion. But what if he knows the local law-enforcement officers have themselves been corrupted by the Mafia? This is a close analogy to our day-to-day negotiations with Communists. The threat of force is there, and the corrupt lawmen are represented by the United Nations in its current form. "A fair analogy to the situation in the Security Council would be a city police department in which the most notorious local gangster possessed a seat, with an unlimited veto on law enforcement," William Henry Chamberlin wrote in 1959.

The result is that we surrender "property," or make concessions, in exchange for promissory notes which can be abrogated by the Communists at any time. And are. A recent document put out by the Pentagon, much to the annoyance of the State Department, set forth in 11 pages the agreements that Communists have abrogated over the years. "Significant violations, including military ones, began immediately after the agreements went into effect, suggesting that the Communists were planning the infringements even as they were negotiating."

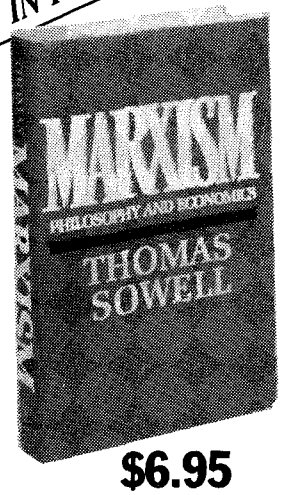
Diplomatic etiquette prescribes that Communists' noncompliance with the treaties they have signed not be mentioned in polite society. And so State Department spokesman Charles Redman said the Defense Department document had been made public "without authorization." Besides, he added, "it has no standing as a U.S. Government document."

Fred Iklé, the Under Secretary of Defense for Policy and sponsor of the report, retorted that Mr. Redman was "plain wrong." For once etiquette had been breached, and the country was the better off for it.

IT IS INTERESTING to note that the salami metaphor is often used, as I earlier used it, to describe what we give up, or lose, in unwisely negotiating treaties with Communists. The implication is that it is the Communists who operate the meat-slicing machine, taking us a slice at a time. In fact, of course, it is *our* negotiators who insist that the slices be thin, because that is the only way they can make it look to the general public as though nothing of consequence is ever being given up. ("What are you complaining about? Look at what they are promising us, and in return we only gave them this paper-thin slice . . .")

The State Department eagerly applies the model of the freely negotiated contract to negotiations with Communists. In his interesting book *Survival Is Not Enough*, Richard Pipes gives one explanation for this. (In 1981-82 Pipes was Director of East European and Soviet Affairs in the National Security Council.) The State Department is by rights responsible for diplomacy—defined as the peaceful resolution of disagreements between countries. But by de-

NOW AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK



$6.95

LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS
Order # TS4120

ORDER TOLL-FREE
1-800-238-2200
ext 500
Continental U.S.
• 24 hours a day •
• 7 days a week •

Shattering The Myths Of Marxism

For those familiar with Marxian theory, Thomas Sowell's lively book shatters existing interpretations based on repetition instead of scholarship. For the unitiated, it is a lucid, step-by-step introduction to the subject.

A sampler of the provocative points that make MARXISM a splendid read:

- Why Marx's ringing use of the term "capitalism" was "something of a verbal coup."
- Why "Marxism was — and remains — a mighty instrument for the acquisition and maintenance of political power."
- How Marxists speak boldly "in the name of the workers without their consent [but] in defiance of their contrary views and actions."

"There are many books on Marxism, but this is one of the best." —Library Journal

"... an extraordinarily lucid and carefully reasoned book...."
—Professor Douglas C. North, Washington University

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE:
If for any reason you are dissatisfied with any book, just return it within 30 days for a refund.

Send your order to:
LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS, Dept. NAS
532 Broadway, New York, NY 10012

☐ Please send me ____ copies of Thomas Sowell's *MARXISM: Philosophy and Economics* for only $6.95 each plus $1.00 postage and handling, or $2.00 UPS ($2.00 for foreign orders). *NY State residents add appropriate sales tax.*

☐ Send me your FREE 32-page catalog of books on liberty.

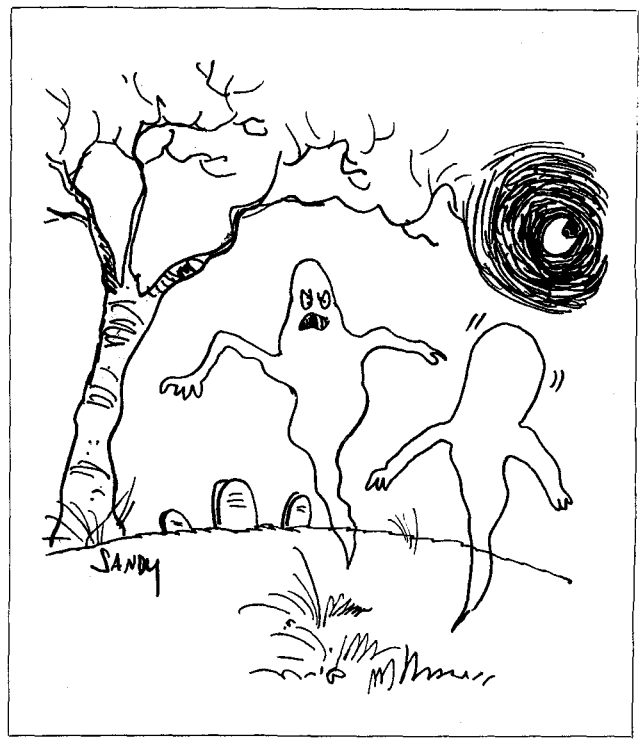
☐ My check or money order is enclosed for $ ____ .
☐ Please bill my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Acct. No. _____
Expir. Date _____
Signature _____
Name (Please Print) _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____

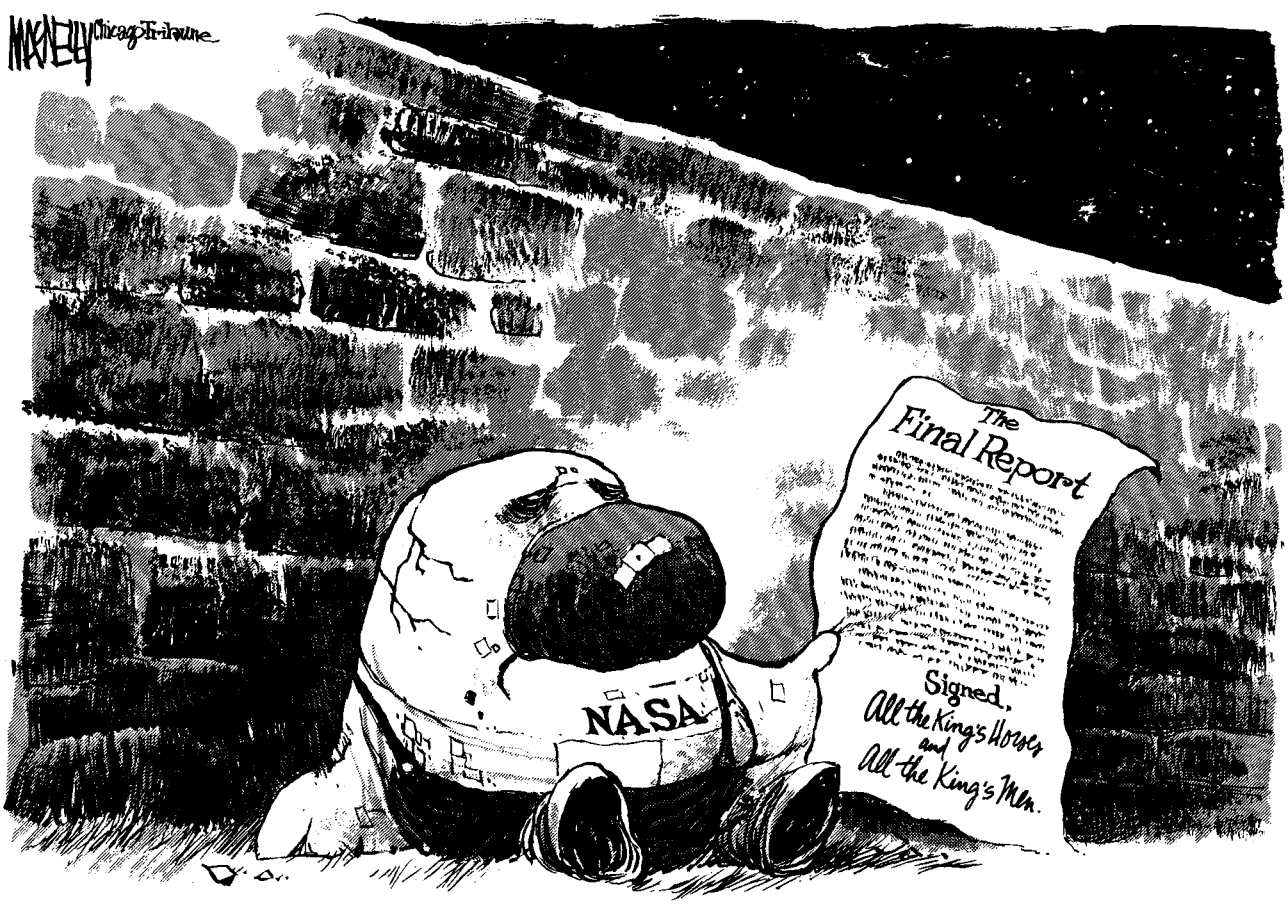
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

help !!!!

"Must be a liberal. All I did was tap his knee and ask what he thought of Rehnquist as Chief Justice."



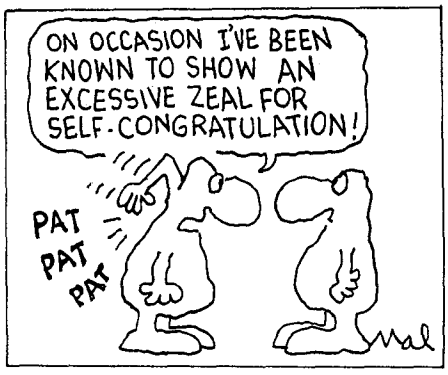
"Scram! These are my *happy haunting grounds!"*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUT GORBY, WHY? WHY AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS TOGETHER, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT CHERNOBYL?
BECAUSE FRANKLY MY DEAR, I DON'T GIVE A DAMN...
MEDIA
H. PARK ©1986 SCRIPPS HOWARD UNITED FEATURES

The honeymoon is over



In Britain's Footsteps

The shipping that obscured the Clyde
Has vanished with a falling tide
And Liverpool's a metaphor
For shipwreck on a barren shore;
Meanwhile, where Vanderbilts and Fords
Once worked without assenting boards,
Short orders rule the business day,
Suggesting terminal decay.

W. H. von Dreele

"I didn't read your History of Liberalism in the United States, *but I understand it is patronizing in all the right places."*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grees State has gained control over the broader field of foreign policy. (And President Reagan has largely acquiesced in this usurpation.)

In a wholly democratic world, diplomacy and foreign policy might indeed be synonymous. That is, all problems could be resolved by negotiation and agreement. But in the world as it is, problems arising out of the behavior of totalitarian countries are not amenable to diplomatic tools.

Pipes notes that the State Department "gives the impression of a giant law firm." State Department "professionals" think of all problems as being resolvable by a lawyerly attention to the niceties of definition. The attitude of Foreign Service Officers toward "the representatives of even the most hostile power is somewhat like that of one attorney to another."

In short, Pipes concludes, the error is one of professional deformation rather than stupidity or treason. "By virtue of their professional upbringing," Pipes says, "diplomats could never take seriously the ravings of a Lenin, a Hitler, or a Mao, and so they dismissed them as rhetoric behind which had to be concealed the dictator's 'real' demands, and concentrated on discovering what these alleged 'real' demands were, in order to bring them to the negotiating table."

Nonetheless, there is little excuse for State Department negotiators' not understanding that sitting across from them are people who do not mean what they say, who do not mean to keep their word, and who do not shrink from the use of force. A fairly recent example sheds some light on this. At the time of the U.S. invasion of Grenada there was apparently a brief period, perhaps not more than a day or two, between the White House decision to invade and the actual invasion. A White House official told me that it was agreed among those who knew of the plan that nothing would be done to suggest that anything unusual was afoot. Everyone acted as he normally would. National Security Council participants were to be spotted playing their customary weekend round of golf (or whatever was their routine).

At the same time, offers to negotiate came pouring into Washington from Havana (suggesting that the invasion plan may have leaked out, incidentally). There were inevitably those who argued that the offers to negotiate the fate of Grenada should be accepted. Others argued that we should only pretend to entertain such offers, while secretly proceeding with the invasion plan.

"At that point it dawned on me," the official said, "that that is the way the Communists behave all the time. I knew what it was like to be in their shoes. They negotiate only for the sake of appearance."

BUT THERE IS something else, something that I have not touched upon. I have represented the failure of the State Department professionals to understand the situation they are in as a kind of defect of breeding: a fatal asymmetry between those who are schooled in civility and those who are willing to use force—indeed who would not be in so privileged a position at the bargaining table if they were not willing to use force. But there is another asymmetry and a more basic one: between faith and a lack of faith.

In his remarkable foreword to *Witness*, "A Letter to My Children," Whittaker Chambers wrote:

> Communists are bound together by no secret oath. The tie that binds them across the frontiers of nations, across barriers of language and differences of class and education, in defiance of religion, morality, truth, law, honor, the weakness of the body and the irresolutions of the mind, even unto death, is a simple conviction: It is necessary to change the world. Their power, whose nature baffles the rest of the world, because in a large measure the rest of the world has lost that power, *is the power to hold convictions and to act on them.* It is the same power that moves mountains; it is also an unfailing power to move men. Communists are that part of mankind which has recovered the power to live or die—to bear witness—for its faith.

At the beginning I noted, as does Richard Pipes, that State Department professionals cannot believe that their interlocutor believes his own outrageous manifesto, and the reason why they cannot believe it is that they themselves quite reliably do not believe in anything in particular. Goodness knows, they have been trained not to be "true believers." It is a message that our culture most insistently dins into all of us. The intensifier "true" here mocks the very notion of belief and is intended to discredit it. Faith tends to be inflexible. How can a State Department negotiator be "pragmatic" if he believes that some indispensable principle is at stake? Such "ideologues" are not suited to the Foreign Service, and in fact the Foreign Service examination itself tends to weed out those who display any such rigidity in their thinking.

Every Foreign Service Officer knows that he must be flexible; that he is the giver in the arena of give-and-take; that he must graciously hand over the carrot of his office; that it is his duty to surrender the salami and his prerogative to slice it thin. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRAINING ISRAEL'S RED $EA

In discussions of the future of Israel, it has become almost axiomatic that the country is, for the foreseeable future, a losing economic proposition, dependent indefinitely on outside assistance. Yet Israel was not always an economic basket case. Economic growth in Israel averaged 10 per cent a year during the Bretton Woods era; inflation was below 7 per cent. Then, beginning in the early 1970s, living standards first stagnated, then declined, and triple-digit inflation has, until very recently, been the norm despite, or because of, a series of "austerity plans" imposed in response to U.S. pressure. Israel's latest austerity scheme really began on December 26, 1984, when the *New York Times* reported that a letter from Secretary of State George Shultz to Shimon Peres threatened to withhold U.S. aid unless Israel deliberately engineered "a substantial lowering of living standards," which would supposedly cut inflation. The truth is that Israel is a textbook example of the failure of the dominant premises of postwar economics, both Keynesian and monetarist.

In 1984, Israel's inflation topped 450 per cent; that certainly ought to have disabused anyone of the Keynesian notion that a weak currency can stimulate anything—anything, that is, other than debt. Private consumption in Israel proceeded to fall 6 per cent, and the number of working poor increased by one-fourth. Real wages fell by about 15 per cent in 1985, with another 20 per cent decline expected; and unemployment, at 8 per cent, is higher than ever before. Israel has certainly been complying with Secretary Shultz's wishes.

Things don't look much better for the immediate future. In the last half of 1985 and through early 1986, measured inflation in Israel suddenly dropped to about 2 to 4 per cent per month. But some skepticism is in order. For one thing, the government has imposed price controls, which have a long history of merely postponing inflation, partly by distorting the price indexes. For another, International Monetary Fund (IMF) economists estimate that there are many more U.S. dollars floating around in Israel than shekels. So, what happens to prices in shekels may not be telling us what Israelis are actually paying when sellers demand payment in dollars, which they do to evade taxes as well as price controls. During Israel's previous failed experiment with price controls, the *Washington Post* stated (October 28, 1984) that Israel's "price-watching patrols reported that more than half the stores they visited posted prices in dollars, which technically is illegal." In this situation, the *reported* inflation rate—measured in shekels when actual deals are in dollars—becomes misleading, if not downright irrelevant.

Confidence Game

In any case, the current anti-inflation policies are unlikely to restore confidence in the currency, because no one believes they will last. As Israeli journalist Pinhas Landau reported in the *Wall Street Journal* (April 10, 1986), politicians are already looking for an alternative to "the spreading wave of bankruptcies, with the accompanying unrest—themselves precipitated by the tight-money policies." Tight money by itself cannot restore long-term confidence in the currency.

This is a key point. One of the most powerful postwar axioms—that inflation is caused by deficits—is bluntly contradicted by the Israeli experience. A recent study for the National Bureau of Economic Research by Michael Bruno, newly appointed director of Israel's central bank, demonstrates that "the most common explanation of rising inflation [the deficit] can at best account for a rise in Israel's inflation rate in the early 1970s but not in subsequent periods." Inflation is better explained by Israelis' quite rational skepticism about the shekel's long-term value against other currencies. As Bruno argues, the "problems stem from loss of public confidence in the government's ability to control the economic system, leading to massive private purchases of foreign currency and capital flight." Bruno attributes much of the drop in measured inflation in late 1985 to the fact that the exchange rate was stabilized at 1.5 new shekels (1,500 old shekels) to the dollar. This looked like the program first proposed by former Finance Minister Yoram Aridor a few years ago. The critical difference in the current plan is that there is no formal commitment to keep the exchange rate fixed, and therefore no assurance that inflation will not resume.

The situation is reminiscent of the explosive hyperinflation in Austria, Hungary, and Germany in 1923. There was considerable hoarding of U.S. currency in those countries, according to economics professor Peter Garber of Brown University, as there *is* today in Israel and Latin America. But Austria, Hungary, and Germany received quite different advice back then. The first priority of the League of Nations in Austria and Hungary, and of the U.S. State Department in Germany, was to stabilize exchange rates—that is, to guarantee the value of the local currency. Western advice today instead encourages the opposite—perpetual devaluations in countries where the money is already almost worthless—even as the big G-5 countries are moving to stabilize their own exchange rates. This may be the most critical issue facing countries with chronic inflation today, because Western aid and credit to countries like Israel, or even Mexico, is invariably tied to exactly the oppo-

Mr. Reynolds is Chief Economist for Polyconomics Inc., a consulting firm in Morristown, New Jersey.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

site conditions from those that worked in the past.

Keynesian economics is not suited to dealing with inflation and depression at the same time. Inflation is supposed to be solved with smaller budget deficits, while shrinking production and employment are supposed to be solved with larger budget deficits. There are two tasks, but only one rusty tool. As it happens, budget deficits in high-inflation countries like Israel are largely a *consequence* of both the inflation and the recession, so they cannot be a cure for either problem. Revenues tend to lag behind inflated outlays, underground activities in foreign currencies escape taxation, interest expenses soar with the country's weakened credit rating, and economic distress leads to political pressure for expanded spending. To ask countries in this situation to balance their budgets first, before tackling monetary reform, is to ask the impossible, leaving only fiscal and monetary chaos.

In 1961, a Canadian economist at the IMF, Robert Mundell, proposed using different tools for different tasks. Monetary policy would thus focus on stabilizing the currency, while tax policy would concentrate on improving incentives for employment and profitable production. Mundell, who is now at Columbia University, argued that budget deficits would be brought down by the improved economy, by reduced tax evasion, and by lower debt-service costs owing to the stabilized currency.

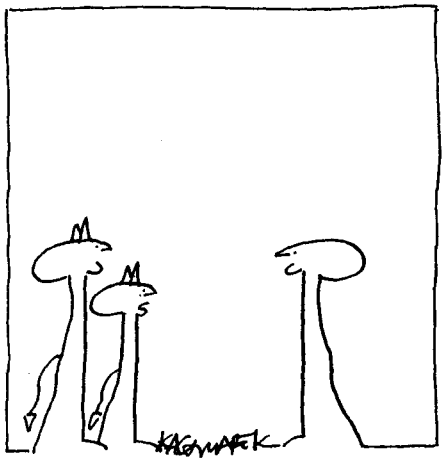
The great inflations of 1923-26 were all solved in just this way. In the first year of monetary reform, Hungary experienced increases in *real* tax revenues that were 54 per cent greater than Western advisors had expected. Germany's revenues came in 39.7 per cent above the estimate, and Austria's, 36.5 per cent. This was not due to higher tax rates, but to improved economic conditions (Austria's real GNP rose 10 per cent in 1924), improved bookkeeping, and reduced incentives to cheat (*i.e.*, more light was let into the underground economy with the restoration of a usable currency).

France, in 1926, likewise started by pegging the currency, stopping a 100 per cent inflation within months. Then, France adopted a "revenue-neutral" tax reform designed to reverse the flight of capital by letting citizens keep a reasonable proportion of the interest and dividends on domestic investments. Sales taxes were adjusted upward to compensate for past inflation, while the top income-tax rate was cut in half, from 60 per cent to 30 per cent. Tax revenues rose, because of monetary and tax reform, but that was not the intent.

Worse Than the Disease

ONE OF THE most interesting facts about ending the hyperinflations of the Twenties was that the "money supply" always continued to grow quite rapidly after inflation stopped. Ending inflation makes people want to hold more cash ("velocity" falls), because cash is no longer shrinking in value. In such circumstances, rapid growth in the money supply is not (as the monetarists would argue) an indicator of future inflation, but an indicator of the market's greater desire for money, a desire triggered by money's resurgent value. Restricting monetary growth at a time when the market is screaming for money ensures prolonged recession. Tight-money recessions, meant to cure the ills of (supposedly) deficit-driven inflations, of course only make the deficits worse as revenues fall and social-welfare spending rises.

In 1983, Hong Kong stopped an accelerating inflation, without self-defeating "austerity," by simply defining the currency at 7.8 Hong Kong dollars to one U.S. dollar, and converting one currency to another on demand. Iceland had limited success with a looser peg: The *OECD Observer* noted (July 1985) that "the annual inflation rate plummeted from 130 per cent in the second quarter of 1983 to around 15 per cent by the third quarter of 1984." Iceland's program had nothing to do with price controls, budget deficits, or the money supply—it simply limited depreciation of the currency against the dollar. Argentina's recent monetary reform is too new to evaluate, but it has already generated a sizable and unexpected increase in tax receipts, as in Austria, Hungary, and Germany in 1924-25.



"Hi, I'm the lesser of two evils."

Israel could permanently end serious inflation at any time in the same way, regardless of the budget deficit. Indeed, the budget deficit would immediately become both smaller and much easier to finance in a non-inflationary way. That is because countries with stabilized currencies can sell bonds at low interest rates without expensive indexing provisions. For evidence, we need only look at countries like Belgium or the Netherlands, which have zero inflation and enormous, chronic budget deficits. But Belgium and the Netherlands are bad object lessons, because they also retain tax policies that are extremely punitive toward added income, and therefore toward added output. Israel also needs the other half of the Mundell policy mix—namely, a populist tax reform of the sort recently adopted in India.

The Israelis save a third of their after-tax income, but there is precious little to save after taxes. There is a 60 per cent personal income tax in Israel at an income of about $13,000, with an extra 10 per cent surtax on higher incomes since February 1984. Combined employer-employee Social Security taxes are 25.5 per cent, with an extra 7 per cent payroll tax on certain disfavored occupations. As Pinhas Landau pointed out, the cost to an employer of hiring someone can be more than three times what the employee receives, after both the employer and the employee pay their taxes. In addition to that huge "tax wedge," which raises costs and lowers incomes, people are taxed again on any income they have left to spend. The VAT was recently raised to 17 per cent, and there is an additional "purchase tax" of up to 60 per cent of the wholesale value of many goods. There is a "travel tax," and for 1986 there are even new taxes on education and pensions.

But this tax system, which is so punitive toward income from labor or consumption by laborers, is (like that of most other "socialist" economies, such as Denmark or Greece) remarka-

(Continues on page 44)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS REMEMBERED

Twenty-five years ago, on July 9, Whittaker Chambers died. He was born on April Fools' Day in 1901; he died, then, by contemporary standards, a relatively young man. When he agreed to give witness, he resigned from the editorial board of Time *magazine, an act both of chivalry and of duty:* Time *would need, in the months ahead, to report on the greatest courtroom drama since William Jennings Bryan and Clarence Darrow fought about whether we are descended from apes or angels. The second trial was in a sense a continuation of the first. If Communism prevails, then that in man which is in imitation of the beast, rather than of God, will reign.*

In 1957, Whittaker Chambers re-entered professional life by joining NATIONAL REVIEW *as a senior editor. He was with us only briefly, a year and a half approximately, before he suffered another heart attack, the penultimate attack. He continued to write for this journal from time to time and, with some frequency, to its editor, letters published in* Odyssey of a Friend *(Putnam, 1969). Chambers's presence continues to be felt in these premises by all who experienced him. We remark the 25 years since his death by publishing two short essays, the first by one of Chambers's closest friends, the gifted Ralph de Toledano, the second by a young writer, Terry Teachout, born about the time Chambers died. Both are eloquent, and suggest that Christendom will—if it survives—remember always, with gratitude and reverence, Whittaker Chambers.* —WFB

THE IMPERATIVES OF THE HEART

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

HARDLY A DAY has passed in the 25 years since Whittaker Chambers died that I have not thought of him, have not conjured up his face and those prescient laughing eyes. He has lived with me like *lares* and *penates*, as he has with a few others—and it is to our household gods that we must turn when the God Who made us seems too remote to touch the aorta of our being. The world remembers and forgets, forgets and remembers, but the world did not experience him as some of us did.

How he died, and in what straits of pain and relief, we will never know. Death is the ultimate privacy. But this can be said: In his last years, he implored God for a passage he welcomed. Always he wrote and spoke to me of his great weariness, though in that weariness, the courage that had sustained him still glimmered. He died in the old Westminster farmhouse, built of ballast brought here on sailing ships, the house where we had sat for so many long afternoons watching the kingfishers overhead and the sun settling behind the Maryland hills. In a poem, he confided to me

the monotony of the agony
of its plea to die at once;
and at the same time not to die . . .

I could offer only the words that end Dante's *Inferno*, *E quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle*. Or I could repeat to him my father's words, *la vida es pena*—life is pain—and when I read them in *Witness* I thought, "That is my contribution." But he already knew that life is pain and pain is life, and that both are the meaning of Golgotha, the place of skulls.

I leave it to others of more acute wisdom to assess his impact on our contemporaneity. It is my simple belief that Whittaker Chambers was the catalyst that changed the chemistry of this nation. But for him, the Hiss case would have been one more dreary process of law, a police assault on treason. Through him it became a contest of faith, a confrontation of God and Man. At issue was not the declaration of Communism, not the twitchings of Marx or the cunning of Lenin, but an affirmation of what our civilization was and must once more be.

Few understood the Old Testament evocations of what he wrote in *Witness*: "Political freedom is a political reading of the Bible." But the word when uttered takes flight and lodges in hearts that are otherwise occupied. He looked to a God of Mercy, but when the sword was brandished, it was to a God of Justice that he bent.

So much there is to remember of his tuition and intuition. I brought him to the poems of St. John of the Cross and the mystical iteration of *Aunche es de noche*. He led me to Rilke's *Marienleben* and its injunction that we must make our God *das Harte aus dem Harten*—the hard from the hard. In the days before the first trial, he made my house a refuge after hours spent recalling what he would have preferred to forget, the detailed recital of what the courts require, extracted from him by FBI agents who by then were calling him Uncle Whit. In those evening hours, he would release the tension, parodying himself and the seriousness of both defense and prosecution—or simply letting his mind unfold. Once he came in, warm

Mr. Toledano, who writes a regular column for NR *on recorded music, is a syndicated columnist based in Washington, D.C.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a-chortle over a movie he had gone to as an escape from the probing —*Shane*, about a small boy and a tough cowboy.

The past is a bucket of self-deception in which the good grows better and the bad worse. But the recall of my first encounter with Whittaker Chambers is etched in metal. He had refused to see me—though I was writing the *Newsweek* stories on the case and working on a book about it—or any other newspapermen, for that matter. It required the intercession of Benjamin Stolberg, that warm-hearted curmudgeon, and Suzanne La Follette—old and tested friends—to convince him of my probity, and he reluctantly agreed to meet me. He arrived at my house at 7 P.M., a little nervous and ready to take flight, and he left at 2 A.M. Those hours were the beginning of our symbiotic friendship, a friendship that was the deepest in my life.

I had known several men who had come out of the dark world of the Communist underground, but what I learned from them was little more than names, dates, and places. What Whittaker Chambers imparted was a sense of meaning and dimension—a sense not of Good-and-Evil, but of Good-in-Evil. He gave the names, dates, and places, but he invested his account with their tragic reality. I understood, as he talked, what was at stake in the Hiss case—not only for him but for me as well. It is impossible to express why I was so moved and so involved. I was hearing of conspiracies and activities about which I knew, but they were set in the context of history and personal travail.

For Whittaker Chambers, history was a living tapestry in which past and present were interwoven with a lurking future. He would speak of the French Revolution, of the marching Kronstadt sailors, of Lenin and Stalin and the cellars of the Lubyanka, of the Cromwellian mobs and the shattering blow to Western civilization in the First World War, of Soviet spymasters and the Nazi-Soviet pact all in one voice —as if it were all happening now, an unwinding newsreel. He measured the conflict as one between men like himself and like the Communist who declared with equal determination, "Embrace the Butcher but change the world"—Bertolt Brecht's searing line. And he separated both from those who dawdled with reason and escaped from commitment. He also accepted the terrible and humbling fact that the conflict had to be fought in grime and terror, leaving their taint on those who fought it.

"Is dirt nice? Is death nice? Above all is dying nice?" he wrote me much later. "And, in the end, we must ask, is God nice? I doubt it." And again, "A man's special truth is in the end all there is in him. And with that he must be content though life give him no more, though man give him nothing." For he was convinced in his last years that his witness was "all for nothing, that nothing has been gained except the misery of others, that it was the tale of the end and not of the beginning. . . . You cannot save what cannot save itself." He stood, in those days, like Jeremiah in the solitary city, his feet treading the scrolls. And yet to the very end, when he wrote and burned and burned and wrote again the pages of a book that was not to be finished, he never dismissed the imperatives of history that demanded the defeat of the pundits and the paleographers. It is an imperative of the heart, and his great heart knew it. □

THOUGHTS ON A SECOND-HAND GHOST

TERRY TEACHOUT

NEW TELEVISION shows are invariably littered with the faded jetsam of old, half-forgotten programs. While watching a *Moonlighting* rerun the other night, for example, I noticed that there was something oddly familiar about the corpulent gentleman playing the part of an unscrupulous psychic. As Maddie Hayes peered suspiciously through his window, I suddenly realized who the man was. He was the same actor who had played Whittaker Chambers in the PBS docudrama *Concealed Enemies*.

I was startled to find the second-hand ghost of Whittaker Chambers turning up on a show like *Moonlighting*, and I suspect that the coincidence might well have amused Chambers. But there is a poignant note to this episode all the same. It reminds us that the Great Liberal Memory Hole has been hard at work on the reputation of Whittaker Chambers for nearly four decades, and that the battle is just about over.

What finally did the trick, ironically, was the publication of Allen Weinstein's *Perjury*, a demonstration of Alger Hiss's guilt so compellingly systematic that the mainstream liberal community was forced to throw Hiss to the wolves. The unexpected result was the severing of the moral linkage between Hiss and Chambers. It was no longer necessary to consider Whittaker Chambers a man of honor in order to believe in Hiss's guilt, and so it was no longer necessary to think about him at all. Because of Mr. Weinstein's book, Alger Hiss is now a mere curiosity, a walking testament to the banality of evil. His fate is not altogether inappropriate. But Whittaker Chambers is now himself an ideological ghost, a casualty of the war of ideas.

My generation doesn't read Chambers. They know nothing about him except what they skim in NATIONAL REVIEW. ("But he was a *spy*!" one horrified acquaintance told me after watching the first part of *Concealed Enemies*.) Nor would they find him or his message—that secular capitalism alone is not powerful enough to prevail against the heady vision of the socialist ideal —particularly sympathetic if they did.

When Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind* was published in 1953, the editors of *Time* weren't sure how to handle it. They called up Chambers, who told them that it was "the most important book of the twentieth century" and urged them to write about it favorably and at length. In the following year, Chambers, referring to the same book, said to a friend: "If you were a Marine in a landing boat, would you wade up the seabeach at Tarawa for *that* conservative position? And neither would I!"

(Continues on page 45)

Mr. Teachout is associate editor of Harper's Magazine *and co-editor of the conservative newsletter* Modern Times.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARX V. JESUS

THE ONLY DANGEROUS, nonmilitary enemy Communism has in or outside Europe today is Christianity. Since the Balance of Terror is going to continue, and all-out war is not in sight, it is the battle of ideas that will be decisive.

It would be a great error to assume that in most "People's Democracies" the masses are still religious. They feel cheated, if not desperate, and often succumb to cynicism. They believe in nothing, hate the government and the ruling party, and, in a system preaching materialism, try to live as well as they can. But there are religious minorities, in some areas even majorities, who are *real* enemies of the Red tyrants—not only because they are relatively numerous and united by a common faith, but because their faith gives them answers to the burning questions concerning life and death, as well as reasons to take risks and make sacrifices. Marxism-Leninism cannot promise a Life Everlasting; Lenin's body could be embalmed and preserved, but the souls of the martyred thousands of monks, priests, nuns, and laymen have joined the saints in Heaven.

The secular resistance in the Communist world is in a more difficult position. Its members have no true philosophical armor or ammunition. All they can do is parrot phrases about "human rights." But rights are by no means self-evident, least of all for materialistic agnostics who maintain that man is merely a highly developed beast with Pavlovian reflexes, a more or less successful relative of warthogs, earwigs, and alligators. Many of the persecuted dissidents who figure prominently in our media are very fine people—just think of Sakharov—but could never engender the kind of large-scale movement Lech Walesa started in Poland, where the Faith is very much alive.

Kremlin policy is therefore bound to aim at the extermination of religion. Since this cannot be done with one knock-out blow, it necessitates very tight control over whatever ecclesiastical life is still tolerated.

This attrition formula had to be given up in Poland, where the Communist regime exists thanks only to the awareness of clerics and laymen that open rebellion would mean foreign invasion. In the Soviet Union, however, the hierarchy of the Russian Orthodox Church must collaborate—having been made, in effect, a branch of the government—while the Eastern Rite Catholics, traditionally the "arch-enemies," have to operate entirely underground.

These Catholics—principally Lithuanians, Latgallians (East Latvians), and Western Ukrainians—bear the brunt of the persecution because they belong to a supra-national church with a dogmatic religion, a geographic center, and visible authority in Rome. All other faiths have purely local leaders, and ever since the Enlightenment the Reformed Faiths have lacked a fixed, unambiguous creed. (People are more willing to die for an exclamation point than for a question mark.)

LIKE THE Church Militant, Communism is fighting a global, not a local, battle and in its methods distinguishes between the means used inside its realm and those used outside. It cannot arrest, torture, or kill Christians in West Germany, Spain, Brazil, or the United States, so it must work upon their minds instead, influencing not only their political thinking but their theology as well.

Unfortunately the Catholic world is woefully deficient in matters pertaining to economics. Free enterprise was born in northern Italy and Spain, and an Italian Franciscan friar developed double-entry bookkeeping, but after the Reformation, and even more so after the First Enlightenment, the Catholic world was completely overtaken in economics by the followers of Calvin, Luther, Cranmer, and Wesley. (In France, to this day, banking is largely in the hands of Evangelicals and Jews.) Hence the Catholic suspicion of economics, fortified by the attitude of classical liberalism in the nineteenth century, which assumed a rather anti-Catholic character. Today, after the death of Briefs, Brogan, and Villey, there is hardly a (practicing) Catholic economist of world fame to be found. And there are still countless Catholic "social romantics" who dream of a "third way," an economic system that is neither "capitalist" nor socialist.

The Marxists have made conquests in the Catholic camp, and Rome is increasingly conscious of this. The psychological avenue of approach is the "monastic complex." The ideal of a communitarian monastic life for a dedicated tiny minority is illegitimately extended by Catholic leftists to *all* the faithful. Distinct leftist influences in theological thought have made themselves felt even high up in Rome. Father J. Lebret, a Dominican and the main author of the encyclical *Populorum Progressio*, declared to seminarians in São Paulo: "If you ask me whether God is on the side of the capitalists or the Communists, I suspect that he is on the side of the Communists. Am I unhappy about this? By no means!" Hostile toward metaphysics, negating eternal life, eager to mobilize envy, the Marxist theological demimonde also sympathizes with radical leftist movements and, in extreme cases, with "guerrilla priests." The brilliant book *El Marxismo en la Teología*, by Miguel Poradowski, a Chilean of Polish origin and a professor at the Catholic University in Valparaiso, describes how far the trend has gone. Marxism-Leninism has shown its true face east of the Iron Curtain, while in the still-free West it wears a pleasant-looking mask. We must fight on both fronts—as the Kremlin does. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHINNECOCK, OPEN & SHUT

J. O. TATE

UP THE HILL past the clubhouse—designed by Stanford White, the first clubhouse built as such in this country—was the minuscule practice green, and beyond, behind, and below was a panorama of golf, a picturesque view of rolling land, scrub growth, emerald fairways and greens flanked by golden natural rough tall enough to sway. Surveying these Elysian fields gave the feeling of being on top of the world, for the land fell away on every side. On one horizon after another appeared a band of salt water. To the north there was the windmill marking the adjacent National Golf Links, and to the southwest another quixotic structure on the campus of Southampton College. This was Shinnecock Hills, buster, and don't you forget it. No wonder a shopkeeper in Sag Harbor left a note on his door saying: "Closed. I am at Open. When Open closes, I will be open." Watching the amber waves of grain as the rough did a hula above the tutti-frutti plain of Southampton, you had to feel at least as patriotic as the chairman of the Chrysler Corporation. And observing the specimens of humanity abounding, you had to notice those who had come more to be seen than to see—coddled women from Sag Harbor, and not a few of those whiplash head-turners from Firm and Taut Harbor, as well. This was where the United States Golf Association had brought the U.S. Open, the greatest title in the game.

The greatest players in the game weren't hard to find. On the first day of official practice, Severiano Ballesteros was bent to his work at the little putting green; and there too Lee Trevino was smoothing a sleeve of balls. Young Bob Tway came off the ninth green to the clubhouse—he had the day before won in Westchester, where in the last round the veteran Raymond Floyd had blown up in an uncharacteristic cloud of bogeys. And there came Floyd to the ninth green, in a foursome including Ben Crenshaw. Practicing putts from various angles, the pros were back at work. For most of them, Shinnecock Hills was something as new as it was formidable.

But certain qualities of the U.S. Open weren't new: abounding rough, narrow fairways, super-fast greens registering 11 on the Stimpmeter, which gauges their speed. The pressure, the glamor, and the renown of the tournament weren't new, either. To Lee Trevino's caddie, the rotund Herman Mitchell, there was a lot that was familiar. Standing by the practice green, he let on that "If you see somebody look like they dying and walk like it goo, it a USGA official." No one could get a word in edgewise with Herman Mitchell, "Mr. Wonderful," who weighs over three hundred pounds, making him as big as two Lee Trevinos put together. Mitchell stood between the green and the clubhouse accosting whoever strolled by: "Hey, you USGA official? Naw, you ain't no USGA official."

Actually, the USGA officials deserved a lot more credit than Herman Mitchell was ready to give them, particularly so in 1986 because they brought the Open to Shinnecock. That decision was in part historical, for the story of Shinnecock Hills goes back deep into the roots of golf in America. William K. Vanderbilt and friends persuaded Willie Dunn, the Scottish professional whom they had observed in Biarritz, to come to Southampton in 1891, where, with the labor of Shinnecock Indians, 12 holes were initially laid out. The Shinnecock Hills Golf Club was one of the five organizing members of the USGA in 1894, and the second U.S. Open was held at Shinnecock in 1896, by which time the club was already the first to be incorporated, the first with female members, the first with a waiting list, some say the first with an 18-hole course.

The old course is long gone. The architect William Flynn designed the present course in 1931. For years Shinnecock Hills was the pride and joy of its members, as they played a privileged game out on the South Fork of Long Island. Yet the USGA's interest in Shinnecock was no exercise in nostalgia: It was looking for absolute quality in its purest form. But it was also considering an "untested" track as far as modern championship play was concerned, and one that presented a potential logistical nightmare. The road past the club notoriously produces traffic jams on Friday and Sunday evenings. Since these tie-ups are in the Hamptons, they seem to consist mainly of BMWs, Porsches, Jaguars, and Mercedes-Benzes. Such bumper-to-bumper frustrations may give paradoxical relief from the Hamptons' usual obsession with the crucial and excruciating distinc-

Mr. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College, Long Island, New York, and a member of the editorial board of the Flannery O'Connor Bulletin. *He has written about golf before for* NR, *in "Fuzzy Zoeller and the Temple of Doom," August 24, 1984.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nce upon a time,

long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers? Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And lo these many years we have asked our readers to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. **As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions between Old Old Money, New Old Money, Old New Money, and New New Money. But however that may be, the USGA was out on a limb, taking a gamble on running the championship itself, because the small seasonal membership could not offer the support usually forthcoming. The attendance had to be restricted and other organizations brought in to help. So the drama of the Open involved not only the testing of the players and the trial of the course, but also the justification of the USGA's bold and idealistic move.

It was an education to watch the best golfers in the world as they explored and analyzed the challenge before them. Of them all, Tom Watson seemed to be the most vigorous and inquisitive. But back up on top of the hill, Hubert Green wanted to know what the problem was. "What wind? Is it blowing up here?" Late in the afternoon, that improbable Teuton, Bernhard Langer, stood alone on the first tee and sliced one into the rough, then power-faded another into the fairway. Langer then proceeded to pull a measuring wheel out of his bag and strode off to calibrate the place. He left behind one observer in earshot who murmured, "Kurt Waldheim"—probably the same sophisticate who was later heard to talk about the value of the "douchemark."

TUESDAY WAS another sunny, breezy day; and while many were practicing, a few delivered some opinions. The defending champion, Andy North, liked the chances of Calvin Peete and Greg Norman. Andy North also said something essential that you wouldn't expect to hear from the U.S. Open champ: "Golf is crazy! Nuts! . . . To hit a ball in a hole a quarter-mile away! Crazy!" In a spirit of seeming contrition and renunciation, North declared his intention to be free in four years, at age forty, to devote himself to community service. But Bernhard Langer was more interested in a Diet Coke than in serving the community. He was ready to compare Shinnecock Hills to various British courses. He respected Shinnecock and warned that the wind would determine the score.

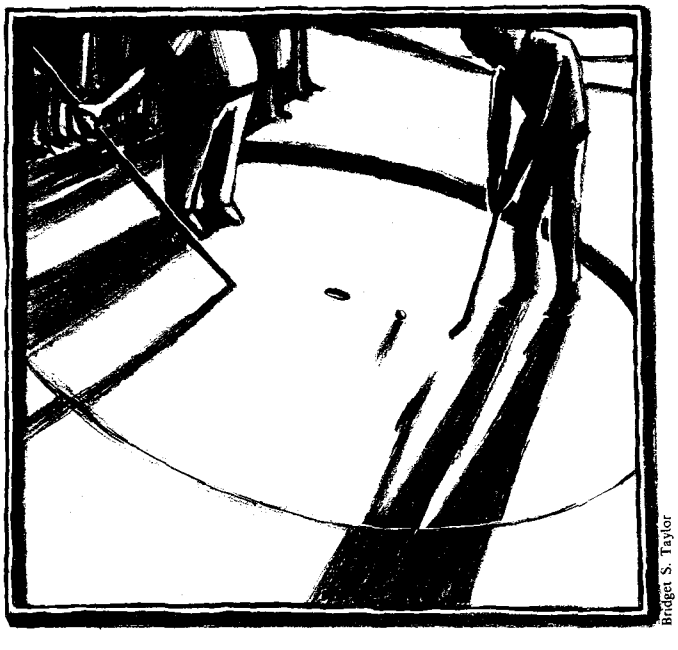
Jack Nicklaus appeared after a friendly contest that he and Hale Irwin lost to Andy Bean and Greg Norman. Nicklaus came to Shinnecock as the Masters champion, and so the burden of a Grand Slam possibility fell on his shoulders for the sixth time. He didn't shirk the load. Indeed, he had said that the Slam was not in the back of his mind, but in the front of it. Nicklaus declared that he liked Shinnecock, a left-to-right course that suited him. He called the course "very pleasant" and the rough "not pleasant." He noted the broad reaction to his sensational win in the Masters at the age of 46, and remembered that "last year 90 per cent of my press conference was what I was eating." As for this year, "I'm eating the same thing and cheating more." Nicklaus observed that he had thus far followed up only one of his Masters wins with an Open victory, at Pebble Beach in 1972. He was determined to give himself every chance, and said, "I don't care what the weather is." Like many others, Nicklaus thought Norman was playing very well. So there was the middle-aged Golden Bear, talking about "desire" and "performance" and "competition," and how he "structured" his life.

On Wednesday morning, the president of the USGA, Mr. William J. Williams Jr., addressed the press as follows: "Welcome to Great Britain for the first playing of the British Open in the United States." Mr. Williams was proud of the work the USGA staff had done and eager to see whether Shinnecock Hills would "stand up." Saying that the brass of the USGA had "fallen in love" with Shinnecock at the Walker Cup matches in 1977, he gave credit for the commitment to the course where it belonged: "Frank Hannigan has masterminded the whole thing." Williams referred to his "exhilaration" on the eve of competition. What did it say about the USGA, that it would take the Open to Shinnecock? "Slightly crazy, but we hope you like it."

Privately, one well-traveled observer of the golfing scene called Shinnecock Hills "the answer to Palm Springs." Referring to an "inbred" membership that was "unimpressible," he relished its laid-back attitude. "Why, it's 1986, and they haven't even paved the parking lot yet!" Indeed, the membership had also declined to paint the clubhouse. But the truth was it had done everyone a tremendous favor by allowing the Open to be contested at its club "on a ninety-year rotation."

The Australian Greg Norman—"The Great White Shark," or "The Shark," or just "Shark"—was the odds-on favorite. He said his game hadn't changed since 1976, but his mind had. He had matured. "I make fewer mistakes. I will lay up from rough now. I used to get very impetuous on the golf course, trying to make things happen." He also said, "You have to treat it as a golf tournament until the last nine holes, if you're in contention. You jockey for position for 63 holes." Anticipating three bogeys a round, the Shark was ready to face the arithmetic. As for his failure to par the last hole at Augusta and tie Nicklaus in the Masters, he had left that behind him as he walked off the green. Norman was pleased that Shinnecock was a long hitter's course—one that suited his game. When someone said, "There are players who point to you as the next dominant figure in the game," he merely responded, "I hope they're right."

On the first day of the tournament, the sparkling weather was gone. The golfers woke up to a cool, blustery, lowering nor'easter that got worse as time went by. There



Bridget S. Taylor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be light rain, rain, and downpours—and gusts up to forty miles an hour. There was wind that could push a ball fifty yards off line, and a sopping, sapping wind-chill factor that numbed feel and destroyed concentration. The players played. If there were complaints, they weren't voiced. Instead, an exuberant David Ogrin, after a 76, exclaimed, "You want a peaceful life? Go play in the Astrodome!" A smiling Tom Watson brought in a "very satisfactory" two-over-par 72 and said, "I love it! This is my favorite weather—like Kansas City in the wintertime." Watson had birdied the dangerous 11th, holing out a shot "thirty feet up and sixty feet out" toward a flag he could not see. He went so far as to say that Shinnecock Hills had "the toughest set of par threes I've ever played." Such were two reactions to playing in your basic Wuthering Heights conditions.

A more stoic attitude was taken by The Other Watson, Denis, who in elevated tones that might be described as High Anglican, said: "I survived. I finished." Alluding to a rules dispute at last year's Open at Oakland Hills, Denis Watson was pleased that he had gotten through the day without penalties. He looked much like any other contender, though he was gaunter than most. When he bent over to putt, you could count his vertebrae and ribs. Aloof, detached, and distantly thoughtful, this native of Rhodesia wore his rue with a difference that clashed with his big-time, big-bucks, fast-lane environment—as though he were the young Alec Guinness miming a vicar, but in the wrong movie. Denis Watson spoke with wistful gentility about his health, his hand injury, his allergies, his diet, his lost strength, and the repudiated Snickers bars he used to be crazy for. But if his demeanor conjured up tea and cucumber sandwiches and his emaciation threatened a trip to the glue factory, his golf was in contention all the way. There was at least one observer who thought that of all the competitors, Denis Watson made the most refined passes at the ball. Perhaps because of his austere good manners, he was the most underrated player in the tournament.

But while the Watsons were finishing, others were starting out in deteriorating conditions. Lee Trevino got off the first tee with the usual enthusiasm following him: "All right, Lee!" By the time he and Raymond Floyd and Tommy Nakajima hit the second green, the rain was coming down hard, and play was suspended for some minutes. The water puddled the second green, but soon disappeared; and somewhere the umbrella futures market soared. Trevino and Floyd made their way around the course past bending pins and flags standing at attention. Behind them, Jack Nicklaus inspired a roar at the elevated ninth green as his iron shot sucked back toward the hole for an easy birdie. Then came the most remarkable moment of the day: Nicklaus blocked his drive way right at the tenth, and soon had a crowd looking for his ball in the scruffy shrubbery. Although the ball was finally found, Nicklaus went back to the tee and made six. "It probably would have been a six anyway," said a tired Nicklaus later, rubbing his eyes. But that episode was no more costly than the additional double bogeys he made at the 13th and 18th holes. He shot 41 on the back nine for a 77 and referred to "probably the toughest conditions I've seen in American championship golf." Thinking of his round when a noise blared in the press tent, he said, "Quit cleaning out the johns for a second, guys."

Nicklaus had his work cut out for him. Bob Tway had alone equaled par 70, and sure enough, Greg Norman was all by himself at one over. Spectators had fun choosing a winner for this weather from among the less-well-known names in the tournament: Lee Chill, Cleve Coldwater, David Frost, Jodie Mudd. But Lee Trevino, whose name also came to mind with the wind and narrow fairways and small quick greens of Shinnecock, had shot 74, as had Bernhard Langer; Raymond Floyd was around in 75, as was Seve Ballesteros.

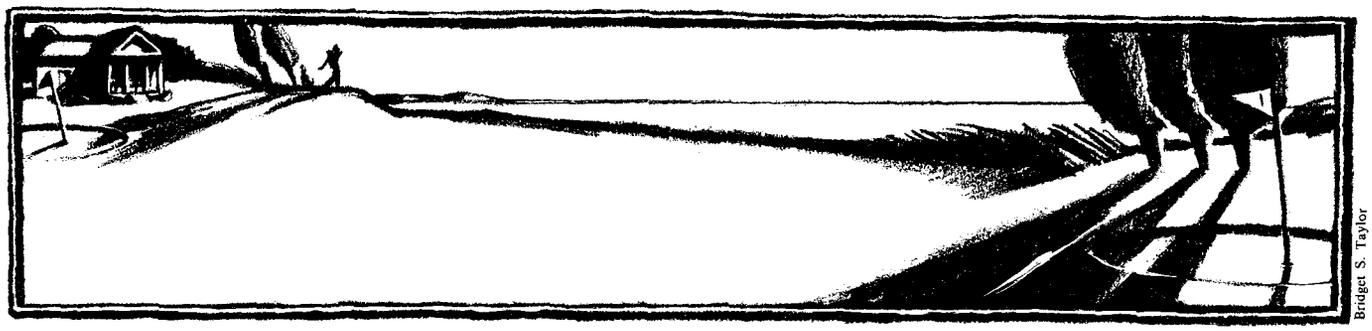
THE KING LEAR weather dissipated on the morning of Friday the 13th, and the Open started to jell. Red numbers—meaning below par—began to go on the board as the players showed what they could do. Joey Sindelar established a competitive course record of 66. Later, more threatening presences established themselves: Trevino scored 68 to go two over with Denis Watson. Ray Floyd also shot a 68, one stroke back. But Jack Nicklaus didn't advance his cause with a 72, though he did make the cut and continued to contend. The most important round of the day was the Shark's 68, giving him a three-stroke lead at one under par. The "tuneament," as Sam Snead would say, was his to win, as predicted.

Lee Trevino waxed expansive, saying that his 74 in the wind and the rain had been better than his 68 in the sunshine. He knew that Shinnecock was a fader's course, which favored him. When the subject of his age came up, Trevino, 46 years old, refused comparison with Nicklaus's victory in the Masters at the same age, or Willie Shoemaker's win in the Kentucky Derby at the age of 54. "Shoemaker wasn't carrying that horse—that horse was carrying him." Trevino said he had watched Nicklaus eagle the 15th at Augusta on TV in the Atlanta airport, and ordered a double Scotch. "By 18, I couldn't see the television." He had wired Nicklaus, "The old fellows can still win"—as he himself had done in the PGA at Shoal Creek, Alabama, in 1984. "I've always been Nicklaus's number-one fan. He's the greatest who ever played the game." Trevino also said he wished he had his old swing back from ten or 15 years ago. Asked with a smirk, "Anything else you'd like to bring back from ten or 15 years ago?" he replied, "Not right now." He said that Herman Mitchell was "floating like a butterfly with sore feet," which was good to know if you had to putt through those footprints.

Raymond Floyd talked about "survival" and "performance" and "desire." At the age of 43, he had been a professional for 24 years, and he reminisced about days when he had no doubt, no fear. Speaking of his reckless youth with fond and pop-eyed conviction, Floyd talked about hitting shots "*through* grass and *around* trees and *over* things you can't even *believe*." But he also knew "those days are gone—you can't go back."

Denis Watson, carrying a forlorn bag of nuts and raisins, merely wished he could "whip it out there a couple of yards farther." But Mac O'Grady, in at four over after a 69, had a lot more to say, beginning with the observation that "Greg Norman is getting to the point of exemplifying the aura of being the true virtuoso." He thought Shinnecock was "a challenge to exercise all the colors of one's talent." Then, "It would be a great tribute to the American spirit for me to win out there." Then, "It was cold

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Bridget S. Taylor

and the biochemistry changed in one's anatomy yesterday. That's why polar bears hibernate." Soon O'Grady was talking about the Bill of Rights, American history, our forefathers, an "aura of serenity," the "intensity rate," and "capricious and whimsical winds." Why does he putt left-handed? Right-eye dominance, of course. Maybe he would seek recognition as a left-handed amateur, and putt right-handed in that persona. Meanwhile, how about the Morad Project, his books in progress (such as *The Geopolitics of Golf*), antitrust actions, restraining orders, Curt Flood, sensitivity and compassion, blatant double standards, neurology, Spartacus on the cross, visual modalities, frontal lobes, memory banks, golfology, his attorney, and "that microchip of love within me"? Listening to Mac O'Grady could really crank the windmills of your mind.

But neither biocybernetics nor litigious psychobabble was the core of what was happening at Shinnecock Hills. Saturday was another sunny, breezy, semi-perfect day—a day to make a move. Ben Crenshaw went on a tear, to the delight of the crowds. Jack Nicklaus got on track and put red numbers on the board with six birdies. Ballesteros, Payne Stewart, Mark McCumber, and Bob Tway were into it, as 17 players broke par. But the key moment on Saturday occurred at the 13th hole, where Trevino hit his bread-and-butter fade into the fairway and Norman dumped his ball into the rough. Then, aiming to harpoon the Shark, Trevino stiffed a seven-iron right at the hole. The crowd erupted at what it had been waiting for. Norman then missed his guess and flew a nine-iron over the green from a perplexing lie. He was away for the next four shots: Norman gave up three strokes to Trevino's easy birdie. Only a Mac O'Grady could describe the great emotion at the 13th green. But at the 14th fairway some jerk felt called upon to insult Norman, who took a walk over for some well-chosen words. Trevino's triumph turned sour. Norman finished his round solidly, which supported his claim that he wasn't shaken. But his magic was gone; and though Trevino played very well the rest of the way, something subtle had been spooked for him too. The eddying of emotion and momentum in golf is as elusive and indefinable as it is directly perceptible, and it was a shame that the contest between Norman and Trevino had been tainted by outside interference. You'd have thought the players had enough to cope with—the pressure, the course, and little airplanes hauling signs that promoted CASEY'S DANCE HALL and LEISURE GLEN ACTIVE ADULTS.

Saturday was wild. Crenshaw followed an eagle at the 14th (he holed out a six-iron from 189 yards) with a double bogey. Trevino admitted he lost his judgment at the 18th, where from a bad lie he needed to lay up with a five-iron—so he pulled out a four-wood and bogeyed anyway. "I was trying to pull a miracle. Wrong shot. Bad decision." But Trevino was only one good round away from winning. "My wife said she'd give me a son if I won tomorrow. I told her if I won, we'd be staying indoors till Friday." To which some wag concluded, "Your back must be feeling better." Greg Norman deplored the boisterousness of some fans, and one in particular. He had not known comparable abuse anywhere else in the world. Asked how big the heckler was, the Shark replied, "Not big enough if I see him later."

On Sunday, the schedule listing the players' places of origin along with their tee-times was a reminder of how international golf has become. There were foreign parts like Madrid, Spain; Johannesburg, South Africa; Diedorf, West Germany; Salisbury, Zimbabwe; Queensland, Australia; and Dallas, Texas. The atmosphere and the tension were humming, as so many "quality players" had a chance. Norman still led at even par. Sutton and Trevino were one over. Tway was back to two over, by himself. Reid, McCumber, Stewart, Floyd, and Denis Watson were three over. And behind them, Langer, Tom Watson, Ballesteros, and even Nicklaus were not out of it. The field was congested with talent, and in the first hours it seemed that everybody and his brother-in-law was making a charge.

Mark Calcavecchia set a mark early for everyone to shoot at—65. Ballesteros showed what Open rough meant at the sixth hole, where he hacked his way to a bogey and ended his bid. From the fifth green, around the corner, came the howl of a Nicklaus birdie and then a small riot of fans who filled four hundred yards beside the sixth fairway in less than a minute. Ben Crenshaw birdied the difficult sixth with as fine an iron shot as you could ever hope to see. And the scoreboard ran red as a host of names birdied their way to even par. But Crenshaw and Tway bogeyed the tough seventh, Trevino bogeyed the sixth, and soon there were seven names at one over—until Tway birdied the eighth to go ahead at even par.

By the time the leaders were making the turn, Lanny Wadkins and Chip Beck—from six over par, Nicklaus's position—were five under for the day and trying to get 65s into the clubhouse; which they did. There was a time when plus one loomed as a score many would tie at. But then Raymond Floyd took firm control, as the rest of the field started to back up. He birdied the 11th and then, a key stroke, saved par at the 12th with a long putt. At the 13th he was stiff to the pin like Trevino the day before, and his companion, Payne Stewart, badly missed a short putt that finished him. Floyd was ahead at even par and decisively shut the Open down at the 16th with an excellent wedge and a confident putt. Looking like a winner who knows he's winning, Raymond Floyd had his terminal war mask on, "the look"—a fierce and piercing glare of concentrated determination. He brought in his 66, mak-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing solid pars at the last two holes, the only man under par except for Crenshaw, who had 69; the only leader at the beginning of the day who really made a move.

Nicklaus ended with a 68, tied for eighth at four over. Trevino returned 71 for two over and tied with Sutton for fourth. Wadkins and Beck were tied for second at one over. Norman had skyed to 75, tied for 12th. Surrounded by extra security, Norman wasn't heckled, but he couldn't get going, missing, as he said, "the emotion," "the flame," "the wick," "the explosion."

So Raymond Floyd, at age 43, became the oldest winner of the U.S. Open, saying again and again, "I didn't deviate. . . . I never deviated." What Ray Floyd didn't deviate from was his conservative game plan. On a course that "didn't take the driver out of your hands," Floyd had used that club only three times in his final round. He gave credit to his wife, Maria, for getting him to face his collapse at Westchester the Sunday before —"the internal conversation was pretty severe." Looking back to the first day, he said simply, "I won on Thursday . . . I had no feel. I just survived." Twenty-five putts and good chipping had carried him then. As for Sunday's performance, "I never got fast. Everything was in sync. My rhythm was in the right mode." Four times, still photographers had bothered him by snapping during his swing. At the 16th tee, he had actually interrupted his swing and admonished them. Then he birdied that hole and won.

"I'm in a young man's game. I don't consider myself old. I don't feel old. I feel I can play with the young guys." Raymond Floyd knew in retrospect where he'd learned to be a "pressure player": "playing hundred-dollar Nassaus at age 13 with grown men." Even so, he was modest about his unique golf swing: "I sure wouldn't want anyone to try to emulate it." But he needn't have concerned himself about that health-threatening impossibility, though he might have added that no one should try to imitate his walk, either. In a happy state of shock, Floyd sat with his wife and daughter and sputtered about the "subtilities" of Shinnecock.

Floyd's was a clear-cut and welcome victory, and one that had a meaning. The return to Shinnecock Hills was an acknowledgment of golf's roots in the leisure of the upper classes; but Floyd's presence signified other, and no less authentic, golfing roots. Lee Trevino, in his autobiography, *They Call Me Super Mex* (1983), told the story of the fabled day over two decades ago when the young Ray Floyd was sent out to Horizon Hills outside El Paso to play some serious gambling golf in a match set up at least indirectly by the legendary Titanic Thompson. By the time the swarthy, stubby Trevino got through with the sleek blond playboy, Floyd was ready to say, "If I hadn't left there when I did, they would have had to send me home COD." Now both of them have won PGA and U.S. Open championships. Raymond Floyd also represents the cultural as well as the genetic influence of his father, the professional L. B. Floyd of Fayetteville, North Carolina, who, not so coincidentally, has recently been coaching Chip Beck, a runner-up at Shinnecock. On a satisfying Father's Day, Raymond Floyd guessed that made his dad "teacher of the week." But Fayetteville—"Fayette Nam," as the soldiers from Fort Bragg used to call it—is not Biarritz or Southampton.

Raymond Floyd won a great tournament that will be remembered not only for his performance in the heat of its competition but also for the unassailable beauty, purity, and severity of its setting. Shinnecock Hills prevailed: When the smoke cleared, one man was one stroke under par. That proved that the USGA had won its wager completely. To put the maraschino on top of a sundae of golf, personal observation showed that—Herman Mitchell to the contrary notwithstanding—neither Bill Williams nor Frank Hannigan of the USGA look like they dying nor walk like it goo. □

AYN RAND, AMERICAN

Joseph Sobran

The Passion of Ayn Rand, by Barbara Branden (Doubleday, 442 pp., $19.95)

The worst definition of man, Anatole France said, is that one which defines him as a rational animal. Ayn Rand would not have smiled at this. She saw man as heroic. It was men who kept disappointing her.

She was a shy, unprepossessing girl who grew up in what was becoming Leningrad. Her name then was Alice Rosenbaum; her father was a petit-bourgeois who came in for hard times when Bolshevism triumphed. He said he would starve before he would work for the Communist state, and he nearly did, along with his family. Alice was once so famished she begged her mother for an extra pea.

She managed to escape to America, where she lived with some Chicago relatives named (honest!) Portnoy. She was determined to be a writer; so she changed her name to Ayn Rand. She borrowed the first name from a Finnish writer (whom she hadn't read) and the last from a typewriter (after rejecting "Remington").

She went to Hollywood, where she worked as a movie extra and screenwriter and snagged a husband, a big slab of gorgeous male named Frank O'Connor. As Barbara Branden tells it, O'Connor was a sweet but almost totally passive man who failed as an actor and had no choice but to let his wife wear the pants in the family. She made it big, of course, with *The Fountainhead* in 1943 (she was 38) and became a guru to thousands who were transfixed by the book's shocking individualism.

Miss Rand persisted in comically misperceiving her feckless husband as cut from the same granite as her heroes Howard Roark and John Galt. But O'Connor left something to be desired as a husband, and she latched onto her chief apostle, Nathan Blumenthal, who changed his name to Nathaniel Branden before marrying Barbara.

When Miss Rand decided to have an affair with Nathan (as she always called him), she sat down with him, Frank, and Barbara to announce it, in the fashion of rational beings. Frank and Barbara tried to conduct themselves as such beings (Frank was always a good sport), but it got difficult. Frank started drinking. Barbara became

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM NOTES

☐ More August Titles: *High-Tech Espionage: How the KGB Smuggles NATO's Strategic Secrets to Moscow* (St. Martin's, $14.95), by Jay Tuck, describes how the Soviet Union, in nine separate instances, has received shipments of "sensitive products," many of them relating to nuclear technology and weapons development, from the West. The NATO watchdogs, Tuck charges, are not watchful enough.

In *The Harvard Century: The Making of a University to a Nation* (Simon & Schuster, $19.95), Richard Norton Smith concentrates on the institution's last hundred years and five presidents.

Cadillac Desert: The American West and Its Disappearing Water (Viking, $19.95), by Marc P. Reisner, is a blend of history and journalism describing the disastrous and —to the environment—devastating pork-barrel that is water "conservation" in the Western states.

In *The Night Lives On* (Morrow, $15.95), Walter Lord describes the events in the aftermath of the *Titanic*'s sinking, in particular the investigative hearings, the damage judgments, and the psychological scars long borne by many of the 750-odd survivors.

My Life between Japan and America (Bessie/Harper & Row, $19.95), by Edwin O. Reischauer, is an interesting memoir by the author, diplomat, and scholar who has probably done more than anyone else to explain Japan and the Japanese to Americans since the finish of the war in the Pacific in 1945.

☐ Coming in September: In *Right Turn: The Decline of the Democrats and the Future of American Politics* (Hill & Wang, $18.95), Thomas Ferguson and Joel Rogers argue that the rightward shift in American politics is not the result of a change in voting blocs but rather is attributable to a "dramatic realignment of business blocs" sympathetic to the Democratic Party since the days of the New Deal but, beginning with the economic recessions of the 1970s, increasingly less enamored of social spending by the Federal Government.

—CW

---

a nervous wreck. Nathan took up with a younger woman on the side, less rational but more nubile than Miss Rand. Barbara knew about his two-timing (three-timing might be a better phrase) but her chief fear was that Miss Rand might find out about it.

She did. The time came when Mrs. Branden had to tell her husband's lover that there was yet another woman, and the result was a rage to scramble the New York skyline and bust up the Objectivist movement. Nathan felt guilty about his infidelity to Miss Rand, confessing in Objectivese that he knew he was consorting with a "lesser value" than her. So ideologized was she that she insisted he should have preferred her erotically to all others for her ideas even "if I were eighty and in a wheelchair!"

As her husband sat silent, Miss Rand roared at Branden: "You rotten hypocrite! . . . I'll denounce you publicly, I'll destroy you as I created you! I don't even care what it does to *me*. . . . If you have an ounce of morality left in you, an ounce of psychological health—you'll be impotent for the next twenty years! And if you achieve any potency, you'll know it's a sign of still worse moral degradation!" This is a good book, but I'm waiting for the opera.

Actually, *The Passion of Ayn Rand* is an *excellent* book, especially for those (like me) who had their youthful fling with Objectivism. Mrs. Branden (long since divorced) seems to harbor no rancor toward Miss Rand; in fact she still has enormous admiration for her ideas and celebrates her growing influence. But she admires Miss Rand on her (Mrs. Branden's) own terms.

And that's the right approach. Miss Rand was one of the truly impossible people of all time, an autocratic personality who makes Khomeini seem like Cyrus Vance. Mrs. Branden gives what strikes me as a full, fair, and perceptive account of how she got that way, how she used the lever of her own ideas to pass from the shy girl to the tyrannical matron.

It's something of a miracle that such an eccentric should touch millions of readers so powerfully. She spoke to something deep inside the outsider. She didn't care a fig for respectability; she despised Shakespeare and admired Mickey Spillane. "I refuse to believe that Lear and Macbeth represent what man really is," she said, though, like Tolstoy, she could have taken a leaf from Lear. She made her own odd tastes the index of others' rationality; her young followers adopted her rigid philosophical dialect and admitted only "appropriate" emotions. When her friendships broke up—as they usually did—her condemnation of her former chums was total. She could never have been her own follower; and one perceptive student wondered how she could at once claim to be a historic innovator and yet blame people for not having reached her own conclusions already.

She wound up very lonely. She had cut off most of her friends (Mrs. Branden movingly recalls visiting her toward the end), and O'Connor became senile, hostile, and violent before he died. But she was devoted to him, even if she never realized what she had done to him.

Her insights were as great as her blindnesses. Severe as she was, she was also very generous, and for all her egotism she could admire her superiors, including women who had the beauty she lacked. For someone who appears to have been devoid of envy, she understood the spite of inferiority and its social power. There are so many things to say about her, and this book says all of them well. ☐

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DELECTATIONS

BABE RUTH AND MORE

Nika Hazelton

I AM ALWAYS surprised how few Manhattanites know about Cooperstown, in the western part of Upstate New York. They are aware of New England, and they may know the Adirondacks, in the eastern part of Upstate, having gone there for a vacation or to put children in camps, as we did; but, apart from having a vague recollection that the Baseball Hall of Fame is in Cooperstown, hardly anybody I've met knows the place. Certainly, few know that Cooperstown is a jewel of a village, full of beautiful late-eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century houses, and is also the home of the New York State Historical Association. Furthermore, there is beautiful, clear Lake Otsego for boating and swimming, and a fine old-fashioned hotel (the kind that has big white columns in front and wonderful flowers both outside and inside), and also an excellent hospital . . . just in case. In short, Cooperstown is a good place for a family vacation, and there are enough motels, hotels, and so on to accommodate the vacationers, many of them near the water. As for this elderly party, mindful of the days when old-fashioned service was in flower, it is the Otesaga Hotel that is always the establishment of choice.

Though the town is named after James Fenimore Cooper, his ghost hovers but lightly over the place. Now it is the Baseball Hall of Fame that brings in the revenues, and who is to quarrel with an institution where grown men turn misty-eyed when they see the Babe Ruth relics? Still, there is a lot more to Cooperstown than the National Pastime. There is, to start with, the splendid Farmers' Museum, an assemblage of a dozen or so buildings from the surrounding countryside that show village life around the turn of the eighteenth century, before the increased mechanization of the 1830s and '40s. As much as possible, the museum is run with live demonstrations instead of just static exhibits. People show how flax was prepared for spinning, how butter was churned, bread baked, printing done, drugs dispensed, and so forth, in this open-air museum. Museums of this kind, often on a much larger scale, can be found in Scandinavia (I especially remember the Norwegian ones). And here, as there, children like them, probably because they are not aware that they are being taught a history lesson. Grown-ups find them interesting too, even the ones who think our consumer civilization just dandy.

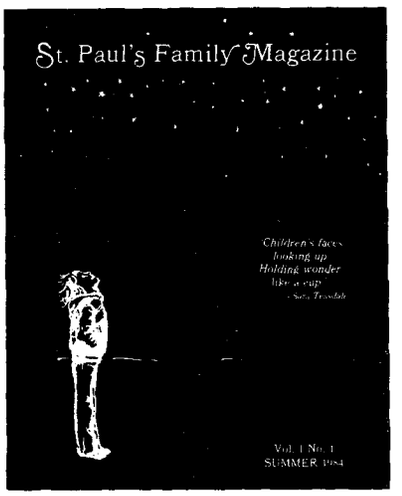
Fenimore House, across the way, is a beautiful mansion on lawns that slope down to the lake; here too, as everywhere else in Cooperstown, the trees are immense and thick with leaves. The New York State Historical Association knew what it was doing when it made Fenimore House its headquarters and the main repository of its folk art and pictures. Both, but especially folk art, have to be first-class to fetch me; here they are, and well displayed too. The folk art includes wooden Indians, weather vanes, sculptures both painted and unpainted, toys, quilts, stoneware, and so on, all wonderful and, more often than not, strange to behold. Who would have thought that a large metal grasshopper would make a smashing weather vane, as would St. George slaying the dragon?

My favorites, however, are the pictures in Fenimore House, beginning with some late-eighteenth-century portraits that look like somebody you know and don't necessarily like. To my mind, the women's portraits are far more successful than the men's, except when the artist is a great one, as in the case of Gilbert Stuart's 1786 portrait of one Joseph Brant—a pensive gent with an astonishing feathered headpiece. The portraits of children are touching, if not always artful; but, then, genre painting like *Mrs. McCormick's General Store*, painted in 1844 by Albertus Browere, gives you an excellent idea of the naughty teenagers of the time. I am especially fond of Thomas Hicks's *Peaceable Kingdom*, where lions and lambs such as you've never seen lie down together (Mr. Hicks was a Quaker in Philadelphia), and of the grave pictures, where willowy ladies mourn over graves set amidst willows. In short, Fenimore House is a wonderful place to get lost in for a morning and more. I also appreciate the fact that the Historical Association is constantly buying such contemporary folk art as a painting

Why do conservatives buy liberal magazines for their children?

Conserve our culture with

St. Paul's Family Magazine



This children's magazine is orthodox, humorous, fun, challenging and beautifully illustrated. (A quarterly for children 7 to 97.)

Finally! A quality magazine for children.
National Catholic Register

. . . a well-conceived and much needed Christian magazine of quality.
The Anglican Digest

. . . a journal of Christian culture for young people.
The University Bookman

Send $10 for a one-year subscription to:
St. Paul's Family Magazine, P.O. Box 772, Fort Scott, KS 66701

VISA 1-800-523-5562 MasterCard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Noah's Ark by one Isidor Wiener, who signed his work "Grand pa wiener" after the death of Grandma Moses (although Grand pa does not paint nearly as interestingly as that venerable matriarch).

Then there is, some thirty miles out of Cooperstown, the Russian Holy Trinity Monastery, all gold cupolas in the middle of wheat fields: a piece of old Russia about which I wrote many years ago and about which I will write again. Suffice it to say for now that an extremely Russian church now graces the equally Russian cemetery with its tall crosses, each with three cross-bars in the Russian manner. Honestly, you'd never think to find Old Russia in Jordansville, New York. □

THE GIMLET EYE

COUNTING CARDS

D. Keith Mano

HIS NAME isn't Ron. "I think you'd better not describe me either," he said. So, well, Ron isn't six foot two, and he doesn't have the posture of a rachitic steamer chair. "Some casino pit boss might read your piece and say, 'Come out into our parking lot and meet Rocco and Animal, my vice presidents for customer relations.'" Ron isn't a brilliant intellect, and he can't play chess at grandmaster level. I'm sick of interviewing all these people who request anonymity. Me, I don't have to request it. In any case, Ron makes his considerable living as a professional blackjack counter.

NR: Who can count? What sort of person?

RON: You have to like a certain amount of discipline. It's not a creative game. The ideal in your play is to approximate a computer as closely as

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

SOONER OR LATER, with the inevitability of a professional big-game hunter confronting a rogue elephant, every conservative columnist stumbles upon the subject of the National Education Assocation, and Dan C. Alexander Jr.'s *Who's Ruining Our Schools? The Case against the NEA Teacher Union* (Save Our Schools Research and Education Foundation, 777 14th Street, N.W., Suite 747, Washington, D.C. 20005; $3.95) offers this columnist the chance for an open shot. Like the elephant, the NEA is the Gargantua of its native habitat; like it, too, it possesses a disproportionately small brain, heavily armatured with bone. Mr. Alexander, president of Save Our Schools and the former chairman of the Mobile (Alabama) County School Board, is the Karamojo Bell of his profession, delivering with fatal accuracy a compact five-hundred-grain slug from an angle no other writer I have read has mastered. *Who's Ruining Our Schools?* is one of those books with its own order form at the back, which you imagine being shipped in close-packed rounds, like live ammunition.

For those unfamiliar with the organization's history, the NEA, founded in 1857, is the country's oldest surviving teachers' association. As late as 1947 the NEA considered itself a purely professional body, adamantly opposed to the unionization of teachers; not until 1961, when its hand was forced by the aggressive American Federation of Teachers, did it organize a local affiliate in New York in an attempt to win the exclusive right to represent the city's public-school instructors. The NEA lost that battle, but, as Alexander recounts, went on from defeat to win the war in short order. It hired Saul Alinsky to fly around the country organizing local affiliates, until, by 1976, all fifty states had unified memberships (meaning that if you belong to the local you are required to belong to the state and national organizations as well). In 1960 the NEA had 713,994 dues-paying members, compared with 1,700,000 in 1985; in 1984-85, it spent $90 million at the national level, an 18-fold increase from 1957, and had won control over better than 70 per cent of America's public-school classroom teachers. By the late Seventies, too, all pretense of being a professional organization had been abandoned: "Instruction and professional development," Mary Hatwood Futrell, NEA's then-president, stated in 1982, "have been on the back burner to us, compared to political action."

Some political action. For all that the NEA really wants is: 1) the federalization of public education in the United States, and the undisputed control of it; 2) the recognition of the right of each teacher to teach whatever he deems appropriate, regardless of the wishes of either school administrations or parents; 3) the revamping of the public-school curriculum through the displacement of society's values by those of the adversary culture; 4) the rewarding of the perpetrators of this disaster with unassailable privileges and lifetime sinecures. As Terry Herndon—NEA's former executive director—put it in 1978: "The ultimate goal of the NEA is to tap the legal, political, and economic powers of the U.S. Congress. We want leaders and staff with sufficient clout that they may roam the halls of Congress and collect votes to re-order the priorities of the United States of America."

At present, the NEA, with a working budget of $375 million a year, controls or influences large blocs of votes within the fifty state legislatures, as well as within the United States Congress. In 1976 it elected a U.S. President and obtained, for reward, a coveted Department of Education. Combining the selfish greed of industrial unionism with the fanaticism of zealotry, it has already largely destroyed American public education, to the point where its victims are now routinely surpassed in academic accomplishment by publicly educated students in other countries, and—for the first time in the history of the Republic—the latest generation of Americans is intellectually less accomplished than the parent one. (The correlation between the decline in student test scores over the past twenty years and the rise of the NEA is beyond dispute.) As chairman of a county school board in Alabama—where the NEA succeeded in suborning the legislature and controlling the educational system of an entire state—Mr. Alexander proved himself to be, in the words of Henry James, one of those men "upon whom nothing is lost." He saw it happen in Alabama; he does not wish to see it happen here. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you possibly can. What you do is register a proportion of high cards to low cards as they come out of the dealer's shoe, and make your decisions based on that. You'll never, ever deviate from what you know to be the correct play.

NR: Sounds kind of tedious.

RON: I don't find it tiring any more. When I first started, I'd rivet my attention on the table. I notice now that I walk through the casino, glance at the table and I have the count—and I look at another table and I count that one down. I just sort of stand between the tables and count the two of them.

NR: Isn't there some pressure?

RON: I find pressure in maintaining my act. Here's a play that's an optimal play, should I bet heavily or will it attract attention? On the other hand I enjoy the James Bond business of walking into the enemy's citadel, so to speak, and taking their money right out from under their noses. You can't very well come in wearing torn jeans and battered sneakers and start making $1,000 bets. You have to look smart enough to have brought this money to the table—and not quite smart enough to keep it.

NR: You play as part of a team.

RON: Yes. We have eight players on our present team. A single player just can't put in as many hours, and it smoothes out the fluctuations. If you're playing with a 1½ per cent edge and you play 12 hours, your chance of being ahead is barely 60 per cent. You'll lose in two out of five of those 12-hour sessions. The same 1½ per cent edge over a period of five hundred hours produces a better than 98 per cent chance of being ahead. We buy in for a certain amount and play that bankroll until it either goes completely broke or we double it. A bankroll is usually about 45 or fifty grand.

NR: You sell shares, I hear.

RON: We have a couple of nonplaying investors. A share is $7,000. We'll sell whole shares or half shares. We offer this prospectus: there is a 97 per cent chance of doubling the bankroll. We play with what is called a 3 per cent element of ruin.

NR: So you do lose now and then?

RON: Sure. It's never fun to lose a lot of money, but it does improve your cover. You can take a computer and run ten million hands. At the end of the ten million hands the win is almost exactly the predicted expectation. But within those ten million hands there are groups of fifty thousand hands where the computer is actually losing. Now, if you were, as a human, playing those fifty thousand hands and losing, you'd say, "Man, this crap doesn't work." It can be very irritating. A player on our team said recently, "We have a partner in this fascinating venture of ours, it's called standard deviation."

NR: Are the casinos alert to card counting?

RON: Some are very alert, some are minimally alert, and there are a few —bless them—that aren't alert at all. In Vegas I've been thrown out. The security guard stands alongside while you cash in your chips. Recently in Vegas two counters were beaten up. They sued and received a rather large settlement. There is nothing illegal about counting. You're not changing the order of the cards in any way. A counter challenged the casinos in state court and won. Atlantic City is no longer allowed to bar counters since September of 1982.

NR: Is card counting a real threat to the casinos?

RON: On the contrary, the concept of counting has enriched the casinos unimaginably. Since the popularization of card counting in the 1960s, blackjack has become the most profitable casino game. It supplanted craps. But casinos don't feel it's enough to make tremendous profits by beating most of the people who walk in. East Coast players have a tolerance for very, very poor conditions, so no doubt the casinos in Atlantic City will make them even poorer. The games are now eight-deck games, six-deck games. They're so intrinsically unfavorable that even the best counter can only hope for the barest of edges. It's been estimated that only one out of 25 blackjack players can count and one out of twenty counters can win.

NR: How often do you play?

RON: I try to play 25 or thirty hours a month. For the stakes we play, our Atlantic City earnings should be about $140 an hour. In the optimum games, the one-deck games offered in northern Nevada and Las Vegas, about $265 would be a realistic hourly win rate.

NR: Suppose I wanted to play on your team? Would I fit in?

Call for any current book

● Amex, MasterCard, Visa or check. ● We ship immediately, anywhere in the world. ● Gift wrapping available. ● Mail orders welcome.

BOOK CALL™

1-800-255-2665

In CT or Worldwide (203) 966-5470

59 Elm Street, New Canaan, CT 06840

Nicola Paone

ITALIAN RESTAURANT

"As for favorite restaurants, in New York, at **Nicola Paone**, if you are a nice, conservative, appreciative guest, he will shower you with the best food, wine, and service in the world."
—*William F. Buckley Jr.*

207 East 34th Street • New York
(212) 889-3239

THE GREAT UNIVERSITIES

provided the ground for the important political leaders, philosophers, theologians, scientists, lawyers, poets, and religious of the past.

Our college program is based on the Humanities as discerned in the great books of Western civilization and as seen through the eyes of the Christian humanist.

THOMAS MORE INSTITUTE OF LIBERAL ARTS

FOR CATALOGUE AND BROCHURE WRITE TO:

DR. PETER V. SAMPO
Thomas More Institute of Liberal Arts
Six Manchester Street
Merrimack, N.H. 03054

PLEASE SEND ME INFORMATION ABOUT THIS PROGRAM

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP.....

TELEPHONE.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RON: We have an English teacher. A securities analyst. A few businessmen. A travel agent. Me. We'd test you. We'd test your ability to count down a deck in 25 seconds or less. We'd test your knowledge of basic strategy. We're also supposed to have polygraph tests, but they never materialized on this team.

NR: If conditions are so bad and getting worse, why do you continue to gamble?

RON: I don't like to use the word "gamble." Because anything you do with a positive expectation is a form of investment. I don't know. I'm not very good at keeping jobs. I don't arrive anywhere on time. I like games. I enjoy winning from casinos because their attitude is so greedy and mean-spirited. I like the idea that I'm personally responsible for my success or failure, that there's no question of currying favor with the boss or being bypassed for someone who's less qualified. I rise and fall on my own efforts. There's something very American about all that. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Red: A Biography of Red Smith, by Ira Berkow (Times Books, 302 pp., $17.95)

NOTHING SPOILS biography like apology. For fifty years, Red Smith distinguished himself as a newspaperman who wrote witty and eloquent sports columns up to five days a week, for a variety of papers including the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *New York Times*. He believed sportswriters should be entertainers rather than crusaders, although he did pick up the lance and go into action when he thought the subject required it—baseball's reserve clause, the boycott of the Moscow Olympics. He relished life on the beat, and earned the respect and admiration of his colleagues. Now comes Ira Berkow, no mean *Times* sportswriter himself, and apologizes. Red, it seems, was not quick enough to welcome blacks into major-league baseball, or to condemn Connie Mack's apparent racism. He did not fight for the right of women writers to get into the locker room. He called the children of the Sixties "unwashed punks." He did not understand Picasso, and he liked to drink Scotch; in sum, he was a complete reactionary—or almost complete: He always voted against Richard Nixon. And, "when in his sixties, at a time when most men become hardened in their view—'conservative' is the word most often applied—he was able to expand, to become 'more liberal.'" Well, there you go. Such writing mercifully says more about Berkow and his view of things than it does about Red Smith, who by all accounts was a happy man untouched by the obsessive gravity of progressives like Mr. Berkow. Red Smith needs no apologies. JOE MYSAK

Coomaraswamy: Traditional Art and Symbolism, edited by Roger Lipsey (Princeton, 580 pp., $12.95, paper)

ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY was a profound scholar whose views of transcendency and a *philosophia perennis* do not sit well with the American Zeitgeist. He abhorred the twentieth-century passion for leaving art to irrationality and emotion, and labored to show that underneath the cultural differences between East and West lay certain common concepts. Princeton University did art and scholarship a service by publishing, a decade ago, three volumes under the umbrella title *Coomaraswamy*: a collection of 56 of his essays, entitled *Traditional Art and Symbolism*; a collection of his papers on metaphysics; and an analytical biography of him. We are now given the first of those volumes in paperback. Coomaraswamy, son of a Ceylonese father and an English mother, was educated in England, and for many years served as curator of Oriental and Islamic art at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. Harvard's present-day philosophical bent does not favor Coomaraswamy's metaphysics, however, and, forty years after his death, the man is all but forgotten in Boston. Considering America's growing interest in the Far East, the reprints of his essays may happily win enthusiasts for the causes he forwarded so clearly and with such brilliant insights. One hopes Princeton doesn't stop with the one volume. HERBERT A. KENNY

REYNOLDS

(Continued from page 30)

bly easy on capitalists. There is no property tax or estate tax at all. The corporate tax is relatively light, at 40 per cent (compared to 66 per cent on individuals), though there is an extra tax on profits not distributed to shareholders. Individuals likewise pay a much lower tax rate on dividends (45 per cent) than on salaries, Tel Aviv-traded stocks are exempt from capital-gains tax, and interest earnings are tax-exempt. There are also tax breaks *and* subsidies for "approved" investment projects, and a 12-year tax holiday for large foreign companies paid for by tax rates that ensure that small, local businesses can't survive.

Other countries have pursued this route to its logical extreme, such as Ireland with a corporate tax rate of 10 per cent on manufacturing, a 65 per cent tax rate on individuals at $20,000 a year, and a 23 to 35 per cent value-added tax on many goods. It should not be surprising that unemployment in Ireland is nearly 18 per cent. Ireland also has one of Europe's highest interest rates, for the same reason that Canada's interest rates are far above those in the United States. The world does not like to invest in overtaxed economies, unless bribed to do so with a high interest rate.

When tax collectors punish human capital and added work effort, the quality of labor declines and the cost of skilled labor becomes uncompetitive. Business has to pay extra to offset the disincentive of a steep labor tax, but business cannot pay extra and still remain competitive without inefficient subsidies and protection. The low profits tax in places like Ireland or Israel thus becomes almost irrelevant, because there are virtually no profits left to tax, net of subsidies. The policy of tax favoritism for business encourages substitution of costly labor-saving devices for cheaper labor, so unemployment rises even more.

Just as a prohibitive tariff stops trade and thus yields no revenue, a prohibitive tax stops production and sales (at least in the above-ground economy) and likewise yields less than a reasonable tax rate would. The *New York Times* (May 20, 1985) cited an Israeli economist who suggested, "only half in jest, that the government should make a new offer: With the tax on cars so high—a $20,000 car can cost $60,000 to $70,000 with tax—anyone who pays $60,000 in taxes will get a new car as a bonus." As things stand, an Israeli citizen who is not in a tax-favored occupation (such as land-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lord or motion-picture producer) would have to earn something like $200,000 to have the after-tax income to buy a $20,000 car for $70,000. Few people will trade their labor so cheaply. As a result, the income is never earned in the first place. The output that would have paid that income is never produced, the car is never sold, and the government ends up collecting 66 per cent of no new income, 32 per cent of no added payroll, and 250 per cent of no payment for the car that was not sold. A large percentage of nothing is still nothing.

Faced with a similar problem of prohibitive tax rates that yield no revenue, India slashed tax rates in 1985, taking the top personal-income-tax rate down from 65 to 50 per cent. The London *Economist* later observed (December 21, 1985) that India's stock-market values had doubled, and personal-tax revenues rose by 40 per cent in one year.

But Israel cannot easily copy India's revenue-increasing tax reductions, because of the powerful influence of fiscal orthodoxy at the U.S. State Department and the International Monetary Fund. The familiar U.S. insistence on repeated devaluations, in Israel, Mexico, the Philippines, and elsewhere, guarantees capital outflows and inflation. The equally myopic U.S. emphasis on short-term budgetary austerity and trade balance requires destructive taxes and tariffs around the globe, which have destroyed many markets for U.S. exports. The "Baker Plan," announced in Seoul, Korea, last year, hopes to change all this—but only for Less-Developed Countries—by attaching constructive conditions to loans rather than subsidizing blatantly destructive policies. But the economy of Israel has not yet shrunk enough to make it a less-developed country. Of course, with time, anything is possible. □

TEACHOUT

(Continued from page 32)

One can call these responses mutually contradictory. One can also see them as the fully comprehending response of an exceptionally supple thinker to the complexity of post-modern life. For Chambers was one of the very first American conservatives to suggest the political inadequacy of a purely Burkean conservatism for our time. Indeed, he foretold the precise nature of the Reagan Revolution in a letter to Willi Schlamm written during Eisenhower's first term.

> Briefly, I remain a dialectician; and history tells me that the rock-core of the Conservative Position, or any fragment of it, can be held realistically only if conservatism will accommodate itself to the needs and hopes of the masses—needs and hopes which, like the masses themselves, are the product of machines. . . . to live is not to hold the last redoubt. To live is to maneuver.

Not that Chambers believed in an unprincipled, pragmatic, self-correcting conservatism. Far from it. He knew that the allegiance of the conservative intellectual in our time is necessarily divided. "Mind you," he said in the same letter, "I hold that it is the duty of the intellectuals of the West to preach reaction. But that is from an absolute, an ideal standpoint. It is for books and posterity. It does not bear on tactics or daily life." That is not good enough for the baby-boomers, who want comforting intellectual rationalizations for their hedonism.

"Aren't you guys *ever* going to get off him?" So said a leftish colleague when he saw me sitting at my desk leafing through a copy of *Odyssey of a Friend*. "You're worse than *The Nation*." By his own lights, of course, my colleague was quite correct. If Chambers matters now, it is certainly not because of Alger Hiss. "The dead," Joseph Conrad said, "can live only with the exact intensity and quality of the life imparted to them by the living." Judging by the comments of Stephen Tonsor, who wrote in *NR* a few weeks ago about the role of Marxist converts to conservatism, the living would seem to have little interest in Chambers these days. "It has always struck me," wrote Tonsor, "as odd, even perverse, that former Marxists have been permitted, yes invited, to play such a leading role in the Conservative movement of the twentieth century. It is splendid when the town whore gets religion and joins the church. Now and then she makes a good choir director, but when she begins to tell the minister what he ought to say in his Sunday sermons, matters have been carried too far." Graceless metaphors often disguise unclear thinking. Mr. Tonsor forgets the particular mission of the town whores of the twentieth century. Better than anyone else, they can tell us about sin.

Cradle conservatives rarely grasp the appeal of Marxism. We don't take it seriously enough because we have never experienced it. This is the enduring value of Chambers. In his tortured person were embodied all of the great liberal lies: men like gods, the will to power, the relativity of truth and morals. Their operative consequences were demonstrated with shattering vividness in his life. The conservative answer to them was demonstrated in the witness that he bore so stoically. He is the ultimate symbol of our modern times. The failure of my generation to appreciate his illuminating significance does not speak well for us.

Willis Mosby, a character in a short story by Saul Bellow, "made some of the most interesting mistakes a man could make in the twentieth century." Though the model for Mosby was Willmoore Kendall, one might well have said the same thing of Whittaker Chambers. Born of unbelieving parents into an age largely devoid of moral imagination, he abandoned the Coolidge Republicanism of his youth to join the Communist Party. He used the literary skills that were universally reckoned by his peers as extraordinary to write propaganda for the *Daily Worker*. He threw aside sexual convention to plunge into a sordid underworld of sensual chaos. Then he stopped it all. He married and raised a family, turned himself into a first-rate journalist in mid life, became a devout Quaker and a dirt farmer.

Chambers had drunk deeply from the spring of modernism. Even the uneasy course of his "impossible return" to "the world of free men" (as he described it in *Witness*) was a flight from modernism. Lionel Trilling once said that the modernist defines his relationship to culture by asking: "Is it true? Is it true for me?" When Whittaker Chambers broke with the Communist Party in 1938, the break was essentially a personal one. Communism was no longer true for him. But when he testified before HUAC in 1948, he asked for the first time Trilling's other, greater question: Is it true for us? No, he answered, and then walked off the stage of history, his witness complete, to become a second-hand ghost. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FEDS AND COLLEGE AID

NEW YORK, JUNE 30

CONCERNING THE student-loan bill, a few observations:

1. One tends to distrust bills that pass by a vote of 93 to 1. Why? Because there is a sense of demagogic passion in the air when that kind of thing happens. If it was such a good idea for the Federal Government to stand by with $6.5 billion for student aid and direct loans, how come the Federal Government did nothing about student loans for so many years? Were all congressmen and senators stupid back in those days? And are all congressmen and senators suddenly bright today? It is recorded that Jesse Helms of North Carolina voted no.

About 35 years ago, the presidents of Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Stanford, Brown, and other colleges issued a manifesto warning against federal aid to education. Their point was that such aid inevitably meant federal control, and of course they were correct. Federal aid now means that colleges like Hillsdale have to swear up and down that they do not discriminate against women, never mind that Hillsdale never discriminated against women, having admitted them on the day the college was founded in the nineteenth century. And of course there is the whole business of affirmative action, and the record-keeping that, one major college has complained, takes about $1 million worth of clerical time a year to complete.

2. But federal control to one side, there is the question of federal loans to students viewed as a revolving fund. It is not a major deal to appropriate money once, in the knowledge that it will serve for all time the same purpose. That was the original idea: The Federal Government would come up with a few billion guaranteed dollars, which would be lent to students at a fairly modest rate of interest. The students, over the next eight or ten years, would gradually repay the loans. The repaid money would then be lent out to the next generation of students: and so forth. Well, now, this has not actually worked out. Senator Phil Gramm (of Gramm-Rudman) pointed out that $4.3 billion (that's $4,300,000,000) is in default. That makes a lot of students who did not major in ethics. The current bill has a few more teeth than the preceding bills, permitting the Federal Government to sell bad loans to collection agencies, and authorizing the government to garnishee salaries paid by federal agencies to any deadbeat former students. The need to guarantee, at this point, another $6.5 billion is for all intents and purposes to give up on the very idea of a revolving fund.

3. And here is another wrinkle. If a student's parents earn $30,000 per year after taxes, that student does not qualify for a loan.

There is a lot wrong with this picture. To proceed on the assumption that a family with joint income of $30,000 after taxes can afford to send a child to college is probably correct. What is not correct is to assume that such a couple can send two children to college, let alone three, or four. Students of the Social Security problem tell you that the great problem that besets us is the birth rate. Whereas before the baby boom the average American family procreated 2.5 children, that rate is reduced to an extraordinary 1.5. And if you subtract from the figure the increasing number of unmarried people, you see a sharp decline in the total number of Americans who are going to be matriculating in college down the line. Are we subtly engaging in discouraging the larger family?

THE STUDENT LOAN will have a complex effect on the next generation of college-goers. Whereas students are asked to take a means test, they are not asked to take any other test—at least, not at the time they matriculate. They will be asked, at the end of their sophomore year, how they are doing, and if they do not meet the standards of the college, then they will not qualify for continuing grants.

But we may have succeeded in isolating low-middle-income students and leaving them in a true economic bind, while in effect encouraging low-income students who in many cases will not profit from a higher education to go on to college for a taste of Animal House. If an 18-year-old, though utterly uninterested in learning, sees $2,500 offered to him that his older brother pocketed and has no intention of repaying, then obvious things tend to happen: Some young people are going to college who shouldn't go, and some young people are kept out of college because they can't afford to go.

The whole thing was not thought through. That is often the case when votes are lopsided, whether it is the Tonkin Gulf Resolution, or aid to college students. □

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE DELLUMS BILL?

NEW YORK, JULY 2

THERE IS a lot of cynicism in the air on the matter of the vote by the House of Representatives for sanctions against South Africa. It is reported that when Congressman Ron Dellums sprang up after a long afternoon's finicky debate about a moderate measure designed to levy progressive sanctions during the next year or so, the Republicans quickly withdrew to caucus: How should they vote on this extraordinary measure, asking us to do more by far than we ever did in peacetime against Adolf Hitler or Josef Stalin; a measure, moreover, proposed by a congressman whose opposition to tyranny is confined to tyranny in South Africa (Ron Dellums wept over the use of American force to liberate Grenada)—what to do? Well, the thing to do was to pass it by voice vote. That way, the *Congressional Record* fails to reveal how an individual legislator voted. Depending on how the wind blows, he can later say that he was one of the yeas; or, he can say that he was one of the nays.

But above all, it is said, Republican congressional leaders reasoned that this way, if the Senate happened to concur with the Dellums bill, which was unlikely, and it went to the President, he could easily veto it. The harsher the bill, the easier to veto it. Mr. Reagan himself proposed some sanctions and brought them into effect a few months ago by executive decree. You can no longer buy a Krugerrand, big deal. But the Dellums bill has teeth in it, and forces us yet again to consider the consequences of attempting to emasculate South Africa's economy.

In the best of all possible worlds, the government of Mr. Botha would announce basic reforms. Western democratic fundamentalism has made things especially hard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for South Africa for one simple reason, and that is that Western opinion has consolidated around the proposition that unless every black in South Africa over the age of 18 is given the vote, there is still injustice in the land. But precisely what the government will not do is grant political equality to everyone in South Africa.

Nor should it. It is preposterous at one and the same time to remark the widespread illiteracy in South Africa and to demand the universal franchise. There are a whole lot of countries in the Middle East against which Mr. Dellums hasn't thought to propose sanctions that don't allow the vote to women; and indeed, quite a few that don't allow the vote to anyone.

What's needed in South Africa isn't political equality but equality of opportunity. The most fundamental right, in a nation making its way through feudalism, is the right of property. If South Africans were given the absolute right to own property of any kind, anywhere, the revolution against apartheid would be well under way. The second right is the qualified franchise conjoined with a bill of rights. Bear in mind that a bill of rights is the equivalent of a bill of prohibitions: i.e., a list of what the government isn't permitted to do. For instance, in our case, to pass laws abridging the freedoms of speech, assembly, religion, etc. Whites who cannot pass a literacy test should not be permitted to vote, nor should blacks who cannot pass it: And those who do vote must vote with reference to the bill of prohibitions.

But the emphasis on overnight political equality is the greatest guarantor of ultimate resistance by more than four million whites who are not going to divest themselves of the right to continue to own their property by presiding over the formation of a legislative assembly 70 per cent black, with Mr. Mandela serving as premier and dedicated to a great dose of Marxist class politics.

Assuming the Dellums bill were to pass, what would you expect South Africa to do? We are talking about $2 billion, sixty thousand jobs, and such services as are provided by IBM, Mobil Oil, and American Express, to name three of three hundred American-owned enterprises over there. What would you do, if guided by the dictum, *Salus populi suprema lex*: The safety of the state is the primary concern?

Exactly: Nationalize the industries, issuing government bonds to the old owners. This is done all the time, and is legal under international law. South Africans wouldn't have too hard a time purchasing supplies in other markets—the excuse we have always used when the time comes to argue against embargoes against the Soviet Union or its satellites. The end result? We would become the largest creditor of the South African nation, hardly the moral posture Mr. Dellums is asking for.

Continue our moral pressure, by all means. But a) stop trying to fine-tune South African policy from the White House, b) pull back on the one-man/one-vote business, and c) forget blanket sanctions. □

CAUTION: DISILLUSION AHEAD

NEW YORK, JULY 4

THE PRESIDENT won a noisy moral victory in the House when he turned it around on the question of aid to the Contras. He is helped both as chief foreign-policy-maker and as the dominant figure in domestic policy. But as the Nicaragua vote assumes importance, so does it invite danger. The polls indicate that the level of enthusiasm for Nicaraguan aid has not increased in the three months during which Mr. Reagan turned Congress around on the subject. And the reason for the popular lassitude is plain: We have not charted a course for overthrowing the Sandinista government.

Every single word uttered by Ronald Reagan in his speech before the vote could, as things are going, as well be uttered two years from now. He warned that Nicaragua is, under the Sandinistas, engaged in totalitarianizing the country. He is correct; and two years from now it will be said of Nicaragua either that the totalitarianization continues, or that it has been completed. We do not know what exactly it is that will mark the day when the Sandinistas will be able to say: The opposition is gone; the People's Republic of Nicaragua is totally unified behind the Sandinistas. But there is not very much that the Contras, plus $70 million worth of military hardware, can do to arrest the trend that now prevails.

There are three thousand Cuban military advisors in Nicaragua and an estimated $600 million worth of war-making matériel sent by the Soviet bloc. The Nicaraguan military is by far the largest in Central America. The forces there, in short, are sufficient to contain, perhaps to overwhelm, the Contras.

It is the unhappy earmark of the century that the technology of suppression exceeds in sophistication the technology of resistance. That technology of suppression isn't merely quantified by assigning a dollar value to the weapons at the disposal of the Sandinista army and police. One needs to add, or rather to multiply, the factor of will. If Somoza had exercised the will-to-power the Sandinistas show, he would never have been overthrown. If Marcos had engaged in full-blooded totalitarian practices, he would be reigning today. Chiang Kai-shek, if he had imitated Mao, would have died in Peking.

There is no way the Contras can overthrow the existing government. And a year from now, what we are most likely to be hearing about is feats of terrorism initiated by the Contras. This Sandinista mayor executed, that grenade that went off under a bus full of schoolchildren.

Now these are not the kind of data designed to generate continuing American enthusiasm for the ideal of enabling a resistance movement to oust the Sandinista government. But President Reagan declines to declare himself further. He has not said that it is distinctly a U.S. responsibility to see to it that the Sandinistas do not succeed in the way that Castro succeeded in Cuba. In order to make such a guarantee, he would need to acknowledge that there are circumstances under which we would need to engage our own military directly. But his fear of saying this—because it would antagonize the marginal congressmen—correspondingly aggravates the situation. So long as the United States shrinks from making the whole commitment, the Sandinista government feels relatively secure.

IF WE CANNOT weaken them, can we keep the Sandinistas from becoming stronger? Well, we can blockade their shipping, searching vessels for instruments of aggression. But to do this means protracted engagements with international protocols that provide for freedom of the seas. Although we have announced that we will no longer accept the jurisdiction of the World Court on matters involving our activities against the Sandinistas, we are left justifiably uncomfortable at the prospect of protracted lawlessness under the aegis of what goes by the name of international law.

But even if we stopped the military flow by sea, how are we going to prevent the Cuban air-transport fleet from flying into Nicaragua the machinery of aggression? Are we going to shoot down airplanes that take off from Havana, headed for Managua?

We do not, in America, engage in oblique military activity over a prolonged period of time with any stamina. It is inconsistent with the American temper to proceed at a fitful pace. We have, after all, been doing this for five years: It has been just about that long since we turned around on the Sandinistas and acknowledged that they were not at all interested in introducing democracy to Somoza-land. And since then, the sun has not set save on a day that sees the Sandinistas stronger than the day before. Never mind their ravaged economy: Their power is consolidating. Mr. Reagan, to the extent that he holds up the present effort as the high-water mark of our Central American policy, may be riding for a very great fall. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Situations Wanted

CONSERVATIVE TEXAS JOURNALIST seeks job change. Skilled in rewrite, editing, headline writing, captions, page layout, production coordination. Write NR Box 4316.

SOUTHERN CONSERVATIVE with 20 years in newspaper and real-estate management plus extensive political-campaign design experience seeks financially rewarding challenge. P.O. Box 7067, Athens, Ga. 30604.

RETIRED 3M EXECUTIVE, 59, with successful business-equipment sales and marketing record in U.S. and Europe, seeks position with Twin Cities organization. Excellent communication and motivation skills. 612-941-5449. Write NR Box 4335.

FEMALE U. OF SAN DIEGO Law School student would like live-in position: maid, cook, companion, etc. Excellent references. B.A., M.A., private colleges. Prefer no children. Begin 8/86. Write NR Box 4333.

NYC ATTORNEY, 31, honors graduate of top law school, desires career change. Seeks position with political consulting firm, political organization, or conservative think-tank. Write NR Box 4324.

Vacation

DISNEY CONDO FOR RENT. Sleeps six, washer/dryer, pool, tennis court, special rates. 314-487-0184.

NEW HAMPSHIRE VACATION HOUSE for rent in mountains, near lake. Swimming, tennis, fishing. $300 per week. Call 603-539-6486.

Gourmet

SANDAGE FAMILY COOKBOOK—374-recipe collection of family favorites. Send $9.98 to FRI, 2003-B Philo Road, Urbana, Ill. 61801.

CHEESECAKE SUPERB. Recipe $2. Richlyn, P.O. Box 43446C, Richmond Heights, Ohio 44143.

Real Estate

15-ROOM LOG HOME on 3 wooded acres. Fenced garden, orchard, and pasture. Good neighbors. Ten species of resident songbirds; no snakes. Suitable for large family. $200,000; owner financing. Box 1101, Harrisonburg, Va. 22801.

VIRGINIA. Corporate relocation, development ventures, commercial sales, market analysis. Call, write Robert C. Smith, Esq., Virginia Landmark Corp., 1807 Libbie Avenue, Richmond, Va. 23226. 804-285-3935.

Employment Opportunities

MANAGER TRAINEE: National rent-to-own company seeks 5 growth-oriented, goal-directed individuals for fast-track management. Bachelor's degree and 3–5 years' management experience. Salary plus benefits. Willing to relocate. Send resume: Canyon Rent-to-Own, 4080 East Lake Meadow, Las Vegas, Nev. 89115.

Literary

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates out-of-print books. Write "Greenmantle," P.O. Box 1324NR, Culpeper, Va. 22701-6324.

OLD BOOKS LOCATED. No obligation. Whitted, Box 603-RY, Fairmont, N.C. 28340. 919-628-0945.

CHRISTIAN CONSERVATIVE BOOKS: brochure. Send S.A.S.E.: New Puritan Library, 91 Lytle Road, Fletcher, N.C. 28732.

TIRED OF THE Social Gospel? Send for free copy of monthly paper dedicated to traditional Eastern Orthodox Christianity—articles on spiritual life, lives of saints, teachings of the Holy Fathers, contemporary issues. Readable. Orthodox America, Box 2132-B, Redding, Calif. 96099.

Financial

INSIDE FINANCIAL: the unique monthly newsletter that turns financial knowledge into personal wealth. $49 per year. P.O. Box 12269, Boulder, Colo. 80303-0070.

For Sale

SAILING YACHT *FROYA*, 32-foot Pearson 323, 1983, sleeps 6, diesel, documented, 5 sails, Harken furling gear, self-tailing winches, full electronics, propane stove/oven, many custom features. Call or write for details of this complete cruiser. Like new, always in fresh water. $67,500 by owner, David W. Onan II, 2105 Pinto Drive, Wayzata, Minn. 55391. 612-473-0143.

THE AWARD-WINNING Adam Smith necktie—gold on navy blue or gold on burgundy. $20, postage paid. VISA and MasterCard. The Decatur Shop, One Decatur Place, North Adams, Mich. 49262-0277. Telephone 517-287-5888.

THE ONLY PIECE of the Statue of Liberty that you can hold in your hand. We donated the 25,000 copper rivets needed for the restoration, and wish to share the leftovers with the grandchildren of Ellis Island for just the cost of postage and handling: $1.75 each to Nancy Stein, 1711 Manse Jolly Road, Anderson, S.C. 29621.

ICONS; ROMANESQUE, GOTHIC ART. $1 brochure. Studio Didymus, P.O. Box 481, River Forest, Ill. 60305.

BOEHM PORCELAIN: Killdeer pair, hallmark 473. Blue-jay pair, hallmark 466. $17,500 cash for both. Write NR Box 4295.

Services

RESEARCH/WRITING. All fields. Confidential. Reasonable rates. Research Service, Box 48862, Niles, Ill. 60648. 312-774-5284.

SCHOLARSHIPS/GRANTS FOR COLLEGE are available. Millions go unclaimed yearly. Receive details by calling 800-USA-1221, ext. 0627.

Music

JAZZ PIANO TEXTS by Jack Reilly; recommended by Dick Hyman, Darius Brubeck, *Downbeat, Keyboard. Unique method, from beginner through* advanced. Vol. I, Blues Form—$25; Vol. II, Song Form—$35; Vol. III, Free Form—$45; postpaid. 125 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215. 718-768-4053. Cassette lessons, free evaluation. Send for flier.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

LANKY REDHEAD, 43, successful D.C. journalist, Catholic, seeks husband and patriarch. Interests: Latin Mass, clothes, Velázquez, adventure. Real men only need apply. Write NR Box 4332.

40-YEAR-OLD PETITE white female, San Francisco Bay Area, former seminarian, now graduate student, new Catholic; enjoys music, outdoors, intellect, playfulness. Wants conventional married life with mature masculine male. Write NR Box 4339.

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. Invitations to personal relationships must specify at least 3 interests. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: $1.00 per word, minimum 10 words, plus $2.25 for box number. Frequency discounts: 4 times, 90¢ per word; 6 times, 85¢ per word; 8 times or more, 80¢ per word. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 35 days before cover date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address Classified Director, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

Romans Twelve: Verse Three

For by the grace given to me I bid every one among you not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but to think with sober judgment, each according to the measure of faith which God has assigned him.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENTREPRENEURIAL WOMAN, 30, constant reader, loves songs, numbers, wings, wheels, water, city, country; seeks male companionship, looking forward to marriage and children. Write NR Box 4275.

NEW ORLEANS AREA traditional Southern woman, professional writer; interested in opera, symphony, musical comedy, jazz; theater; museums, galleries. Gourmet cook, accomplished hostess, loves domesticity. Interested in meeting successful corporate/professional gentleman of similar interests, age 52 upward. Write NR Box 4336.

DO YOU LIKE Philip Roth, western Kansas, and *NR*? Woperson, 27, invites penpals. Write NR Box 4331.

ANYONE FINDING GUYS WITH slightly long (but neatly groomed) hair who wear flimsy little Italian shoes and eat quiche at all "effete" needn't read on! Never-married male, 24, recent private-university graduate, self-employed, eccentric but unencumbered by the conventional liberal lunacy, non-smoker, infrequent drinker; principal interests include classical music, literature, psychology, art, animals, walking through lightly wooded areas, cinema; boring lifestyle and personality, caring, good moral character. Seeking special lady, age 18-late 30s(?), with compatible/complementary interests/temperament. My immediate object: to explore the possibility of becoming close friends and "confidantes." Write NR Box 4337.

STOCKBROKER, 33, male, non-native Texan. Preowned but in mint condition. Enjoys sports, symphony, Cape Cod, *NR*. Desires Christian companionship. Write NR Box 4338.

CALIFORNIA GENTLEMAN FROM SPAIN, single. Interested in history, travel, and business, seeks lady about 35-50, with a desire to share our lives and interests. Write NR Box 4321.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets the cultured single, widowed, or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970—3,000 members. Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039. 215-358-5049.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Write CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

AN INTELLIGENT WAY to meet others. For hobbies, sports, correspondence, friendship, vacations. Members nearby and in 80 countries worldwide. Electronic Exchange, P.O. Box 68-N1, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266.

Miscellaneous

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS. For personal report send sample, age, and $25 to Alice Charlesworth, Box 41, Forest Park, Dayton, Ohio 45405.

DID D. D. HARRIMAN in Heinlein's *The Man Who Sold the Moon* inspire you? Would you like to take the chance of associating with an entrepreneur who thinks like that and is ready to try new projects? Write NR Box 4334.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS. $20 and sample, GMR Consulting, 2554 Lincoln, #681-N, Marina del Rey, Calif. 90291.

SPIRITUAL CLASSICS ON CASSETTE: "Brother Lawrence: The Practice of the Presence of God"; "Fenelon: Spiritual Counsel." Each 60-minute tape, $9.95 postpaid; both for $17.95. Auricle Productions, Dept. 2, P.O. Box 3157, Morganton, N.C. 28655-3151. Satisfaction guaranteed.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH. Send full page of writing and $20 to Elisabeth King, 121 Madison Avenue, 3A, New York, N.Y. 10016.

FREE! A BEAUTIFUL CROSS on a key ring, with a life-saving message from the revelation of Jesus Christ. Send S.A.S.E. to L. Carrozza, P.O. Box 1411, Hightstown, N.J. 08520.

BOSTON CONSERVATIVES SOCIETY social club has monthly cocktail hour. Friendly, intelligent discussions on the issues of our time. It's a chance to get together with people of like thinking. 617-665-8175.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS. Write paragraph: begin with salutation, end with signature. Unlined paper. $25. E. P. Hunt, 1242 Goodwin Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30324.

FREE BROWN SCAPULAR and explanation of its benefits to those who wear it, as told by the Mother of God. Send S.A.S.E. to Box 3057, Casper, Wyo. 82602.

PERSONAL BIORHYTHM: Three cycles, interpretation guide, 60 days—$5. Send birthdate to Biorhythm, P.O. Box 7111, Pasadena, Tex. 77508-7111.

AFGHANISTAN—Since 1980 the Afghanistan Relief Committee has been sending medical aid, food, and support for schools to villagers *inside* Afghanistan. ARC is the primary U.S. support source for *Médecins sans Frontières* and others who risk their lives to bring in help. For more information, write to: Afghanistan Relief Committee, Suite 4100, 345 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10154.

NEW CARMEL—FRESH HOPE! Catholic nuns living strict Carmelite rule. Traditional Latin Mass. Prayer/penance for your sins and mine, for Pope and restoration of sanity in the Church. Carmel of the Holy Trinity, RD2, Box 435, Phoenixville, Pa. 19460.

NICARAGUAN FREEDOM FOUNDATION: Specializing in supplying medicines/pharmaceuticals to those promoting democracy in Nicaragua. This is your opportunity to assist the Contras and participate personally in establishing civil liberty. We absolutely guarantee correct delivery. For a precise list of medical requirements, write: Law Offices, Jack J. Goehring (formerly Capt. U.S. Army, Vietnam), 1005 Spring Hill Road, McLean, Va. 22102.

NEW CHURCH BEGINNING. North Tampa, Florida. Pastor reads *NR*. Inquire 813-949-8523.

Educational Opportunities

BACHELOR'S, MASTER'S, DOCTORATE. Guide to colleges offering nonresidential degree programs through independent home study. Accredited, economical, accelerated programs. Credit given for prior accomplishments and work experience. Free detailed brochure. Write: Dr. John Bear, P.O. Box 11447-NR8, Marina del Rey, Calif. 90295.

Subscription Service

TO SUBSCRIBE OR RENEW:

☐ New subscription
☐ Renewal

☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Bill me

Initial here _____

☐ 1 year $34.00 (U.S.A.)

☐ 1 year $45.50, U.S. currency (Canada and all other foreign)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS AND RENEWAL

Please attach the mailing label from the front cover when writing about service or change of address. Allow 3 weeks for change of address to take effect. Thank you.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MAIL TO: National Review, Readers Service, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

NR CLASSIFIED ADS

Rates:
$1.00 per word
$2.25 for NR box number

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Pay for two ads—get a third ad FREE. Advance payment (minimum 2 ads)

Enclosed $ _____
Mail to:
Classified Director
National Review
150 East 35th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

AD COPY:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Turnpike — 98 19 53 62 125 156 79

B. Eight largest oil companies — 176 181 30 143 110

C. Pitcher and catcher — 64 159 133 28 126 77 99

D. Thoroughfare — 71 40 172 154 83 118

E. Petroleum process — 201 74 195 188 109 29 165 94 49 1

F. A message — 61 18 95 81 46 177 128 192 162 27 / 105 138

G. Truck driver's exam (2 words) — 144 12 137 203 163 88 152 121

H. They don't use buckets for these (2 words) — 171 51 167 113 76 6 131 22

I. Car part (2 words) — 38 114 129 120 89 2 178 48 96 139 / 199 15 26 63 148 160

J. English king who only used high-test gas? — 145 158 31 101 7 86 198 73

K. Petroleum distillate — 141 39 17 93 54 197 153

L. This "station" can be very satisfying — 13 90 117 104 43 175 70

M. This is often found in a can of oil — 119 155 100 80 44 140 184 11

N. Driver with a weighty problem — 116 151 65 23 130 191 5 97

O. There are plenty of these on the road—and the moon — 16 168 66 149 182 87 179 47

P. Lit — 111 59 136 45 196 24 82

Q. Observed the Joneses' new car — 75 35 150 185 4 108 50

R. Former St. Louis gang that could be quite volatile — 78 180 146 34 14 58 169 103

S. Petroleum container (2 words) — 122 183 202 112 8 72 37

T. Charged particles — 164 174 52 91

U. "Fruity" car — 123 21 107 135 69

V. Bean, horse, or make of car — 106 134 189 170 57

W. Good name for an old car — 56 166 33 193 187

X. A meeting of cars — 68 190 9 92 36 147

Y. Car maker Louis ____ — 20 55 3 102 127 194 115 41 85

Z. Gas retailer—but not out West (2 words) — 32 132 84 186 157 200 161 10 142

a. Alarms — 42 60 124 173 67 25

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 48 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 E	2 I	3 Y	■	4 Q	5 N	6 H	7 J	8 S	9 X	10 Z	11 M	■	12 G	13 L	■	14 R	15 I
16 O	■	17 K	18 F	19 A	20 Y	21 U	22 H	■	23 N	24 P	25 a	26 I	27 F	28 C	29 E	■	30 B
31 J	32 Z	■	33 W	34 R	35 Q	36 X	37 S	■	38 I	39 K	40 D	41 Y	42 a	■	43 L	44 M	■
45 P	46 F	■	47 O	48 I	49 E	50 Q	51 H	52 T	53 A	■	54 K	55 Y	56 W	57 V	58 R	59 P	60 a
■	61 F	62 A	63 I	■	64 C	65 N	66 O	67 a	68 X	69 U	70 L	■	71 D	72 S	73 J	■	74 E
75 Q	76 H	77 C	78 R	79 A	■	80 M	81 F	82 P	83 D	84 Z	85 Y	86 J	87 O	88 G	89 I	■	90 L
91 T	■	92 X	■	93 K	94 E	95 F	96 I	97 N	98 A	99 C	■	100M	101J	102Y	103R	104L	105F
106V	107U	108Q	109E	110B	■	111P	112S	■	113H	114I	115Y	116N	■	117L	118D	119M	120I
■	121G	122S	■	123U	124a	125A	126C	127Y	■	128F	129I	130N	131H	132Z	133C	134V	135U
136P	■	137G	138F	139I	■	140M	141K	142Z	143B	144G	145J	146R	147X	■	148I	149O	150Q
151N	152G	■	153K	154D	155M	■	156A	157Z	158J	■	159C	160I	■	161Z	■	162F	163G
164T	165E	166W	167H	168O	169R	■	170V	171H	■	172D	173a	174T	175L	176B	177F	178I	179O
■	180R	181B	182O	183S	184M	185Q	186Z	187W	■	188E	189V	■	190X	191N	192F	193W	■
194Y	195E	■	196P	197K	198J	■	199I	200Z	201E	202S	203G	■	■	■	■	■	■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MILLIKEN

APPAREL & FABRICS PERFORMANCE FABRICS

FEATURING THE VISA® BRAND FOR APPAREL, UNIFORMS, & HOME FASHIONS

CRAFTED WITH PRIDE IN U.S.A.

CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS
Milliken & Company
P.O. Box 1926
Spartanburg, SC 29304
(803) 573-2020

ATLANTA
Milliken & Company
6666 Powers Ferry Road N.W.
Suite 202
Atlanta, GA 30339
(404) 955-0670

BOSTON
Clemson Fabric Corporation
10 Forbes Road
Braintree, MA 02184
(617) 843-9350

CHICAGO
Clemson Fabric Corporation
1825 Merchandise Mart
Chicago, IL 60654
(312) 467-6817

DALLAS
Clemson Fabric Corporation
Stemmons Towers West
Suite 605
2730 Stemmons Freeway
Dallas, TX 75207
(214) 631-6210

LOS ANGELES
Milliken & Company
110 East 9th Street
Room A-1375
LA-Fabric Office
Los Angeles, CA 90079
(213) 624-7285

NEW YORK
Milliken & Company
1045 Sixth Avenue
New York, NY 10018
(212) 819-4200

SAN FRANCISCO
Milliken & Company
1700 Montgomery Street
Suite 207
San Francisco, CA 94111
(415) 362-3820

®VISA is a registered trademark of Milliken & Company for fabrics

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIVE HER A DIAMOND TO INFLAME HER SENSES.

Every quality diamond of a carat or more is one of nature's rarest and most exquisite phenomena—with more fire, more sparkle and scintillation.

Each is a visible reflection of you. Unique in all the world, possessing four characteristics that set it apart forever. They are called the 4C's: Cut, Color, Clarity and Carat-weight. These determine the value of a diamond—and to an astonishing degree, the beauty and value of your jewelry.

Your jeweler is the expert where diamonds are concerned. His knowledge can help make the acquisition of a quality diamond of a carat or more the beautiful, rewarding experience it should be.

A diamond is forever.

The ring shown features a quality diamond of 2.03 carats.

A QUALITY DIAMOND OF A CARAT OR MORE.
A FIRE RARELY SEEN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED